

THE LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
1. The Ireland Forgeries,	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i> 643
2. Travels and Adventures of Dr. Wolff,	<i>Saturday Review,</i> 652
3. Lord Macaulay and Dundee,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> 656
4. "Little Mrs. Haynes,"	<i>National Magazine,</i> 669
5. The Informer,	<i>Dublin University Magazine,</i> 673
6. A Visit to Charles Dickens,	<i>Bentley's Miscellany,</i> 692
7. Syria, Past and Present,	<i>Press,</i> 696
8. Kohl's Travels in Canada, New York, and Penn- sylvania,	<i>Athenæum,</i> 698
9. Salmon Fishing in Canada,	<i>Press,</i> 702

POETRY.—The Volunteer on July 14th, 642. Ozone, 642. At Night, 703. The Unfinished Poem, 703. The River Path, 703. Flora, 704. Where the Greenwood's Grow, 704.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Ride v. Drive, 651. Lines on a Pigeon, 651. A Curious Jewish Custom, 655. The Atlantic Cable, 655. A Novel Weather Indicator, 672. Junius, Boyd, and Lord Macaulay, 691. Lord Hailes, 691. Mottoes on Sun-Dials, 695. Apollo Belvedere Statuette, 695.

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THE VOLUNTEER ON JULY 14th.

You must wake and call me early, when the early birds appear,
 To-morrow will be a glorious day for each London volunteer:
 For each London volunteer by far the hottest, heaviest day—
 For we're to sham fight at Chiselhurst, four thousand strong, they say.
 There's many a crack, crack corps I know, but none so crack as mine,
 There's the queen's and artillery company, almost equal to the line,
 But none can beat our local corps, whether red, or green, or gray,
 And so we shall prove at Chiselhurst in to-morrow's tremendous fray.
 I sleep so sound after evening drill, that I shall never wake,
 If the maid doesn't knock extremely loud when my boots she comes to take;
 And you'll have to cut me some sandwiches,—and cut them substantial, pray—
 We shall all have desperate appetites at Chiselhurst, I dare say.
 As I came up to our private parade, whom think ye I should see,
 But that ass, Smivens—a coming it as cheeky as could be:
 He gave a look at my uniform, as if he meant to say:
 "How can you make such a guy of yourself, old chap, at your time of day?"
 He thought I should be offended, but I guess I sold him quite;
 For I passed, and no more gave him a look than if he'd been out of sight;
 You may tell me it's snobbish to cut a man, but this is what I say;
 That the chap who don't join a volunteer corps has thrown his manhood away.
 They say we shall fire thirty rounds, I don't know how that may be;
 I've not fired more than ten rounds yet, and that was enough for me.
 For what with biting the cartridges, and what with blazing away,
 I'd a taste in my mouth, and a buzz in my ears, for all the rest of the day.
 Lord Ranelagh as Commander-in-Chief to-morrow will be seen,
 And as his uniform is gray, let us hope he won't turn out green;
 I trust he'll remember which is attack, and which is defence, in the fray,
 Or we certainly shall have a difficulty about who is to give way.
 The war office has issued no end of rounds and caps;
 I hope there'll be surgeons enough on the ground, in case of little mishaps.
 For novices have a habit—at least so veterans say—
 When they get a little excited, of firing their ramrods away.
 Detachments through the streets and squares to their firing practice pass,

And in Regent's Park and on Putney Heath spent cartridges dot the grass:
 And there's a sulphury, choky smell of gunpowder hangs all day
 In the suburbs, that quite overpowers the breath of the new-mown hay.

And then when we've done our fighting, our empty stomachs to fill,
 There's to be Grant's cooking wagon, to find dinner for all who will:
 And the moderate sum of two shillings is all one will have to pay,
 Which, considering what we're likely to eat, is a trifle, I must say.

So you must wake and call me early, when the early birds appear,
 To-morrow's to be a glorious day for each London volunteer:
 For each London volunteer about the hottest, heaviest day—
 For we've to fight at Chiselhurst, four thousand strong, they say!

—Punch.

OZONE.

THE summer is come—with dire comets, eclipses,
 And sky-painted sunsets of wonderful tone;
 And whoever is wise (and has cash enough) dips his
 Tired limbs in the sea and inhales the ozone.
 Ozone? Why there's none wherein Westminster Palace
 Debates to a terrible nuisance have grown;
 If old Father Thames comes ashore with a challenge,
 He fills it with any thing else but ozone.
 John Russell's Reform Bill, a triumph of crassitude,
 Mr. Gladstone's rash Budget, the silliest e'er known,
 Could scarce have existed, except for the lassitude
 Produced by an atmosphere void of ozone.
 The want of it carried stout White down at Brighton,
 Made Collier a sour oratorical drone;
 But old Palmerston surely, whom nothing can frighten,
 He found out the secret of pocket ozone.
 Soon Commons and Lords will wear border apparel,
 Nor in dull dens at Westminster grumble and groan;
 For August will come with the good double barrel—
 Hurrah for the moors and the grouse and ozone!
 The political air will next session grow purer;
 Earl Derby the time-serving Whigs will dethrone.
 So long live the Queen! may our rifles secure her!
 May the Tories get power, and the air get ozone.

—The Press, 21 July.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE IRELAND FORGERIES.

OF course everybody has heard of the *Ireland forgeries*. But it may be suspected that, with the exception of the few who have looked into the matter, those who have heard know very little more about them than that they were connected with an attempt to pass off some dramatic writings as the production of Shakspeare.* The particulars of the case have almost perished in oblivion. An attempt to resuscitate them now cannot assuredly be made with a view of pandering to our literary vanity. Were such a case to occur in the present day, in the existing state of intercourse with the continent, it would make us the laughing-stock of Europe. But recent discussions relative to some other supposed fabrications connected with Shakspeare, have re-invested this subject with an interest which it appeared to have lost. At any rate, it is an accomplished fact, as our French neighbors say, and cannot be banished from the history of our literature. So we must even make the best of it; and perhaps may hope that our said neighbors will accept this narrative in the propitiatory light of a national humiliation.

It is curious to observe how one literary forgery breeds another. The affair of Macpherson was hardly out of Horace Walpole's hands, when that of poor Chatterton was thrown upon them. It was not many years after that unhappy boy had been consigned to his pauper grave, and while the controversy as to the genuineness of the Rowley poems was yet *sub judice*, that the Ireland forgeries first saw the light. There can be no doubt indeed as to the connecting chain between the two last-mentioned impostures. There was some resemblance between the two dramas; but there was also the most striking difference. Chatterton's was a tragedy; sublime in its working up; terrible in its catastrophe. Ireland's afterpiece was the broadest of burlesques. Looking back at both through the interval of years, one cannot peruse the one without a shudder, nor the other without laughter. We proceed to detail the plot of the latter.

Samuel Ireland was originally a weaver in Spitalfields; but in process of time he became a dealer in old books and curiosities, having a house in Norfolk-street, Strand. What his family consisted of is not exactly known; but he had at least two sons and two daughters. The eldest of the former named Samuel, after his father, died young. The other, William Henry, is the hero of

our entertainment.* Mr. Ireland, *père*, professed to honor William Shakspeare with almost idolatrous admiration. In his opinion, "the bard of Avon was a god among men." He would frequently of an evening read one of his plays aloud, to the edification of his delighted family. While his son was still a mere lad, he took him as his companion on a tour, for the purpose of collecting materials for a work upon the "Warwickshire Avon." Of course, they visited and passed some time at Stratford, where Mr. Ireland was most diligent, as others have been before and after him, in searching for information concerning what his son, in his peculiar style, termed "the sublunary career of our dramatic lord." The search does not appear to have been very successful; and Mr. Ireland seems to have been considerably hoaxed by a gentleman farmer, the tenant of Clopton-house, named *Williams*—but no relation to the celebrated "divine"—who informed him that only a fortnight before he had burnt several basketfuls of letters and papers, bundles of which had the name of Shakspeare written on them! After having made a large purchase of indubitable Shakspeare relics, the Irelands returned to town. It is not very clear whether it was before or after this journey that young Ireland was articulated to a conveyancer, at whose chambers, however, he had little or nothing to do. And we all know, from the traditions of our copy-books of what idleness is the root. Young Hopeful employed much of his leisure in learning to copy old handwritings, in which he attained great facility.* According to his own showing, one of the earliest uses to which he put this talent was to forge a letter as from the author of a religious tract dedicated to

* In a copy of W. H. Ireland's *Authentic Account of the Shakspearian Manuscripts* (1796), in the library of the British Museum, is a MS. note, which states that William Henry was a natural son; that, as the writer had heard, his baptism was registered at St. Clement Danes, under the name of *William Henry Irvyn*, and that his mother was a married woman who had separated from her husband, and living with Mr. Ireland. The accuracy of this note seems very doubtful. There is certainly no such entry in the register of St. Clement Danes, nor any relating to the family of Ireland, at least between the years 1772 and 1779 inclusive; and in 1794 or 1795, W. H. Ireland was eighteen. There are those still living who knew him, and say they never heard any such rumor from friend or foe. His father always called him *Sam*, after his brother, who had died; and in the account he first published of the discovery of the papers, spoke of him as his son *Samuel William Henry*. These are apparently trifling matters; but trifles concerning great men become important.

† The anonymous and apocryphal commentator before referred to says he had been told that this faculty was not confined to old handwriting, but that it was also extended to copying orders of admission to the theatre by modern actors.

* Thus it appears, on the best evidence, the name of the dramatist should be spelt.—Madden's *Observations on an Autograph of Shakspeare*. London. 1838.

Q. Elizabeth. This letter, a sort of presentation epistle to the queen, he thrust between the cover of the book and the paper, where he pretended to find it. He had written it originally on a piece of old paper in common ink weakened with water; but the journeyman of a bookseller to whom he had shown it, gave him a mixture which much better resembled old ink; so with this he again wrote out the dedicatory letter, which he presented with the book to his father. The old gentleman was gulled and gratified; and the amiable son, who, as he says, only made the experiment to see how far he could mystify his parent, appears to have had no scruples of conscience as to the result.

On another occasion he palmed off on his father a bas-relief portrait of Cromwell, in *terra cotta*, the work of a modern artist lately deceased, as an antique, having affixed to the back a label, intimating that the head had been a present from Cromwell to his friend Bradshaw. The *conoscentia* of the day were taken in, and the head was pronounced the undoubted production of the sculptor Simon, the contemporary of the Protector.

Mr. Ireland appears to have been so constantly insisting on the probability that some day or other some MS. of Shakspeare's would turn up, and on the inestimable value of such a treasure, that his affectionate offspring determined to extend the sphere of parental gratification. He had found that his father's pleasure in being cheated was quite as great as his own in cheating him. So one evening he laid before him a deed written in the law hand of the time of James I., purporting to be a lease to one Michael Fraser and his wife, dated 1610, and bearing the signature of *William Shakspeare* as one of the lessors. This scene as recorded by W. H. Ireland, is one of the gravest comedy, and readily moulds itself into a dramatic form, with elaborate stage-directions, after the fashion of the German Theatre, or "The Rovers," in the *Anti-Jacobin*.—

SCENE:—*Old Ireland's Library*. OLD IRELAND and YOUNG IRELAND discovered.

YOUNG IRELAND (*drawing a deed from his bosom and presenting it to OLD IRELAND*). There, sir! what do you think of that?

OLD IRELAND (*having opened the parchment, regarded it for a length of time with the strictest scrutiny, examined the seals, and folded up the instrument, presenting it to YOUNG IRELAND*). I certainly believe it to be a genuine deed of the time.

YOUNG IRELAND (*returning it immediately into OLD IRELAND's hand*). If you think it so, I beg your acceptance of it.

OLD IRELAND (*taking the keys of his library from his pocket, and presenting them*

to YOUNG IRELAND). It is impossible for me to express the pleasure you have given me by the presentation of this deed. There are the keys of my bookcase: go and take from it whatever you please; I shall refuse you nothing.

YOUNG IRELAND (*instantly returning the keys into OLD IRELAND's hand*). I thank you, Sir, but I shall accept of nothing.

OLD IRELAND rises from his chair, selects from his books a scarce tract with engraved plates, called "*Stokes, the Vaulting Master*," which he peremptorily insists on YOUNG IRELAND's accepting.*

The family are summoned to supper.

Such at least, we may surmise, was the termination of this touching domestic scene.

Sir Frederick Eden, a great authority in such matters at that time, was summoned next day to inspect the deed. He gave it as his decided opinion that it was genuine; and moreover that the impression on the seal affixed under Shakspeare's signature was the representation of a *Quintain*,† which he supposed to bear, in the language of heraldry, a *canting* reference to the dramatist's name.‡ Other learned Thebans pronounced for the authenticity of the deed. It was a great success. How it came to be so strikes us now-a-days as rather strange. The writing of the document itself may have been a very good imitation of the law writing of the time; and Shakspeare's signature was certainly not ill done. But the deed was horribly stuffed with covenants that were unnecessary and, in the language of Chancery, "impertinent;" and the premises demised were described as "abutting close to the Globe theatre by Blackfryers London!"—the *Globe*, we may remind the reader, being situate in *Southwark*!§ These two points

* See W. H. Ireland's *Confessions*.

† There is a curious circumstance connected with this seal. In the *Miscellaneous Papers* published by S. Ireland, a *fac-simile* is given of the signature and seal affixed to the deed. Another *fac-simile* of them is given as the frontispiece to W. H. Ireland's *Confessions*. The two signatures have a general but by no means an accurate resemblance: but the seals are as unlike as two seals can well be.

‡ As some readers may not be sufficiently versed in antiquities to understand this allusion, it may be as well to state, the *quintain* was a pole set upright in the ground, generally with a transverse beam turning on a pivot, and having a broad plank at one end and a sand-bag at the other, at which persons used to tilt on horseback with a lance or spear. "Hee that hit not the broad end of the quinten," says old Stowe, "was of all men laughed to scorn; and he that hit it full, if he rid not the faster, had a sound blow in his necke with a bagge full of sand hanged on the other end."

§ Chalmers, in his *Apology for the Believers* in the Shakspeare papers, had the curious audacity to contend that this was not a misdescription of

did not escape the perspicuity of Malone; but what, curiously enough, did escape him was the fact that this fabricated deed was in the main copied from a genuine mortgage, by lease and release, from Shakspeare and others, which had been printed by Malone himself.* This circumstance accounts for the insertion of the covenants that were quite "insensible," to borrow another law-term, in the fabricated lease. It is remarkable, too, that in the genuine mortgage mention is made of a *William Ireland*, which circum-

the site of the *Globe*; for, he said, and truly enough, that the word *by* meant *near to*; and the *Globe* was on the *Bankside*, in *Southwark*, which was not far from *Blackfriars*; the exact site of the theatre, in fact, "*abutting close to Blackfriars-bridge*," that bridge not having been begun till one hundred and fifty years after the date of the deed!

* See *Var. Ed.*, vol. i. p. 149. The history of this deed is rather remarkable. It is dated 11th March, 1612. In 1768, Mr. Albany Wallis, a solicitor (of whom, by the way, not very honorable mention will be made hereafter), found it among the title-deeds of the Rev. Mr. Fetherstonhaugh, of Oxted, Co. Surrey, and he presented it to Garrick. In 1790; it was in the possession of Garrick's widow, where Malone saw it. He transcribed the deed and made a *fac-simile* of the signature, both of which he published. In 1796 he again wished to consult the deed, having some doubts of the accuracy of his *fac-simile*, and for that purpose again applied to Mrs. Garrick; but the deed, after a diligent search, was nowhere to be found; but just at the same time, Mr. Wallis found among the papers of Mr. Fetherstonhaugh the counterpart of the deed, dated the 10th March, 1612, bearing the dramatist's signature, of which Malone published a *fac-simile*. In May, 1841, Mr. Troward, the son of a gentleman who had been in partnership with Mr. Wallis, produced the deed to Sir Frederic Madden, the keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum, together with the letter from Mr. Wallis presenting the deed to Garrick. Mr. Troward, who had inherited the deed from his father, left it to his niece by the mother's side, who had married Mr. Filleul, and in March, 1858, this gentleman again brought the deed for the inspection of Sir Frederic Madden. On the 14th June, in the same year, it was sold by auction at Sotheby's, and purchased for £330 15s., for the British Museum, where it now remains, together with various documents illustrative of its history.

The counterpart, of the 10th March, 1612, had been previously sold, in May, 1841, at Evans' auction rooms, to Mr. Elkins, for £162 15s., and in May, 1843, it was resold at the same rooms, when it was purchased for £145 by the corporation of London.

There are undoubtedly some very strange circumstances in this account. The loss of the first deed—the simultaneous discovery of the counterpart in Mr. Wallis' possession—and the fact of the first deed, together with the presentation letter to Garrick, having afterwards found their way back, as it were, into the possession of Mr. Wallis' partner;—these would, in a court of law, throw great suspicion on the custody from which the documents were produced. But notwithstanding all this, no doubt, we believe, has ever been entertained by competent judges as to the genuineness of both deeds.

stance probably gave rise to the interesting discoveries that were afterwards made relating to a *William Henry Ireland*, who had played the dolphin to our *Arion* and saved him from drowning. But this is anticipating.

Inquiries were of course made as to where the deed came from. The first account bruited abroad was, that young Ireland having casually met a gentleman at a coffee-house, and the conversation having turned upon old papers and autographs, the latter had invited the former to come some morning to his chambers in the Temple and rummage among his old deeds, where he would find autographs enough; and that in this rummage the deed was discovered. Afterwards, however, when papers of more importance were produced from the *officina*, this account was not deemed of sufficient circumstance; and the story then ran thus: That "the Gentleman," who was a man of fortune, had given the manuscripts to young Ireland in consideration of his having found among the old papers a deed establishing the donor's right to a contested estate; but that for reasons of his own he especially wished his name to be concealed, and indeed had exacted a solemn promise from the young man never to divulge it. In fact, this "Gentleman's" identity never proceeded further than an initial: he was never any thing more substantial than "Mr. H."

As it appears the first deed was forged for the mere gratification of Mr. Ireland, senior, so it would seem that there would have been an end of the matter, but for the constant reiteration of an opinion that other papers of Shakspeare's might be found by referring to the same source whence the deed had been drawn. And true enough, the source was referred to, and the *find* was prodigious. Other papers and documents poured in thick and fast. There were more deeds, and there were agreements, and love-verses and love-letters to *Anne Hathaway*, one enclosing a lock of "Willy's" hair; and papers relating to "*William Henry Ireland*" above-mentioned; and a *Profession of Faith*; and letters from *Q. Elizabeth* and *Lord Southampton*; and to crown all a manuscript, nearly perfect, of *King Lear*, and another of a portion of *Hamlet*. Merciful Powers! how the most thinking public were taken in! Mr. Ireland's house in Norfolk Street was in a state of siege.

Notwithstanding the most ludicrous blunders in orthography, the most palpable errors in dates, and the most striking instances of fabrication in some of the signatures, the mass of the public would believe in the papers; and of course they had a right to do

so, if they chose. "Jemmy" Boswell, under the influence of a tumbler of hot brandy and water, fell into an ecstasy and down on his knees, and reverentially kissing the papers gave utterance to a solemn *nunc dimittis*, declaring he should die contented since he had lived to witness that day. Poor fellow! he did die not long after,* and his euthanasia was undisturbed by the consciousness of his having been so egregiously humbugged. Dr. Parr and Dr. Warton having heard Mr. Ireland read the *Profession of Faith*—a marvellous piece of puerile bombast, which in truth professes nothing at all—one of them broke forth into this Johnsonian criticism—"Sir, we have very fine passages in our church service, and our litany abounds with beauties; but here, sir, here is a man who has distanced us all!" Young Ireland at first attributed this dictum to Parr, whereat the latter was moved to most unclerical wrath †—after the discovery of the imposture. The eulogy, however, was assuredly uttered in his presence and not dissented from by him; and there can be no doubt that he at first stood at the head of the most fanatical of the believers; although in the intemperate note inserted in his catalogue he says he "was inclined to admit the possibility of genuineness in (the) papers." Boswell had drawn up a declaration of belief in their authenticity; but Parr, thinking the language too weak, drew up another in stronger terms, which was published by S. Ireland, together with the names of those who had signed it, including that of the reverend doctor.

Not everybody, however, who saw the papers, believed in them. Ritson, having scrutinized them, left the house without giving any opinion; but his manner left no doubt on young Ireland's mind that he considered the papers spurious. Porson, having examined them, incautiously let fall some complimentary expressions, whereupon Mr. Ireland was emboldened to ask his signature to the *Declaration*; but the shrewd scholar replied, "I thank you, sir, but I never subscribe my name to professions of faith of any nature whatsoever." Malone and Stevens would never go near the papers.

While this was the state of affairs within doors, all kinds of rumors concerning the discovery were spreading abroad. One of the earliest public notices on the subject appeared in the *Oracle* for February, 1795. In this, reference was made to the "unseen malignity" which had "already been busy" with "the invaluable remains;" a report

* In 1795—aged fifty-five.

† "Ireland told a lie when he imputed to me the words which Joseph Warton used," etc.—Note in the catalogue of Dr. Parr's books.

that they were "in the possession of a gentleman in the Temple" was contradicted; it was announced that among the MSS. was an unpublished play called *Vortigern*, which would soon be offered to public scrutiny; it was stated that "profound antiquaries" were convinced of their authenticity, and that "the clearest tracing of them from the original possessors, through age and obscurity, (would) be satisfactorily given."

This last announcement there never was even any pretence of attempting to make good. Malone was already in the field in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the same month, breathing suspicions against the documents. James Boaden was at that time editor of the *Oracle*, and was at first a staunch believer in the papers, though afterwards he changed his opinion, and became, after the fashion of apostates, a most violent antagonist to his former faith. But in his journal for some months appeared various laudatory articles, and sometimes extracts from the papers themselves. After Boaden had recanted his errors, the *Oracle* was the principal medium for the attacks on the papers. Among other squibs appeared a series of feigned extracts from *Vortigern*. These Mr. Ireland thought it necessary publicly to disavow, and to declare they had not the smallest resemblance to the original play; which was indeed true, for they were much better written than any portion of the play itself, so that the object in composing them is not very clear.

Ireland was so annoyed at the repeated insinuations that his MSS. were forgeries, that he threatened legal proceedings; but he was better advised, and none were taken. Meanwhile the volume of *Miscellaneous Papers and Legal Documents, under the hand and seal of William Shakspeare*, was announced as ready for publication. It was issued in December, 1795,—a grand folio, with fac-similes of the MSS. and certain drawings which had been found in "the gentleman's" possession. It was published by subscription, the price being four guineas, and was dedicated "To the Ingenuous, Intelligent, and Disinterested, whose Candour, Conviction, and Support," etc., etc. The tragedy of *Lear* and the fragment of *Hamlet* were given in the volume. These, we learn from W. H. Ireland, had been copied from quarto editions in the possession of his father; but as the originals teemed, in the opinion of the former, with passages of ribaldry and matters "unworthy our bard," the young corrector set to work to expunge these and to interpolate a few lines which he considered more becoming the genius of Shakspeare.

Immediately on the appearance of this

folio, Malone set to work on his *Inquiry into the Authenticity of (the) Miscellaneous Papers, etc.*, which he was very anxious to publish before *Vortigern* was acted, but, owing to the delay in preparing the fac-similes illustrating his book, he did not succeed. In the mean time the journals teemed with articles *pro* and *con*; and a vast number of books and pamphlets were published which it would be tedious to enumerate.

Harris and Sheridan had both been anxious to secure *Vortigern*, the former for Covent Garden, the latter for Drury Lane, but as Mr. Ireland was on terms of intimacy with the Linley family, Sheridan secured the prize; * not that he knew or cared much about Shakspeare; † but he considered the production of the play a good speculation for his theatre. When it was read over to him he thought it was very long and some parts of it were rather prosy, if not unpoetical, but the antiquity of the papers dispelled all doubts, if indeed he ever seriously entertained any. A copy of the play was placed in his hands, the original being deposited at Hammersley's, the banker's. It was announced for performance on Saturday, April 2nd, ‡ 1796, not as written by Shakspeare, but simply as "a new play in five acts, called *Vortigern*." John Kemble, who was stage manager at Drury Lane at the time, and no better than a downright infidel as regarded the papers, § is said to have been very anxious to produce the play on the first of April. There certainly seems to have been some *malice* (in the French sense) in the announcement of the farce of *My Grandmother*, to follow the play. At the rival theatre on the same night, was played a comedy called *The Lie of the Day*, which, though a new piece,

was not *running* at the time. Malone had issued a notice of his forthcoming *Inquiry*, in which he affirmed he had proved the mass of papers to be a rank forgery. Copies of this notice were distributed in the avenues of the theatre on the night of the performance. Ireland, who had had scent of this, issued a counterblast in the shape of a hand-bill, also distributed to the public, in which, after referring to the "*malevolent and impotent* attack on the Shakspeare MS.," he requested "that the play of *Vortigern* (might) be heard with that *candor* that (had) ever distinguished a *British audience*." The house was crowded. A prologue, written by Mr. Pye, the poet laureate, who was one of the believers, had been set aside because it did not sufficiently insist on the authenticity of the play, and another of a more unflinching character, by Sir James Burgess, was spoken, or rather read, in its place. The audience listened for some time with patience, but they could not long stomach the childish trash that was set before them; they seized on every trifling incident that was susceptible of ridicule, and at length, when Kemble, who played the principal part, in a long bombastic speech at the beginning of the fifth act, uttered with peculiar emphasis the line

"And when this solemn mockery is o'er,*

there was an awful explosion of laughter and clamor, which was not lessened when the actor repeated the line with, if possible, more significant expression. From this time not a single word of the play was intelligible. The audience had the courtesy to be silent during the delivery of the epilogue by Mrs. Jordan; and then the uproar recommenced, and was not appeased till Kemble announced the *School for Scandal* for the following Monday.

Vortigern was, in green-room language, damned. Ireland was very anxious that the play should have one more trial; but Kemble peremptorily refused again to be made a laughing-stock.

This was the turning point in the affair. Malone's *Inquiry* appeared soon after, and though, as Mathias said, the subject was rather *overlaid* by the learned critic, he certainly did succeed in proving that the great bulk of the *Miscellaneous Papers* were forgeries.

* Another curious instance of small inaccuracy may be here mentioned. In Mr. Knight's *English Cyclopædia* (Art. *Ireland*, W. H.), the line is quoted thus:—

'And now this solemn mockery is o'er.'

There is an article on the Ireland papers in the *Eclectic Magazine*, for March, 1849 (New York), where the line is given—

'I would this solemn mockery were o'er.'

* Harris had offered a *carte blanche*; but Sheridan's terms were not bad—£300 down, and half the profits for the first sixty nights of performance. Of the £300, young Ireland received only £60, and £30 as his share of the half profits of the first night; and he always insisted on this as a proof of how disinterested he had been in his forgeries; though £90 could not have been an insignificant amount of pocket money for a conveyancer's clerk of nineteen.

† In this respect he resembled Byron, who considered Shakspeare not only as "the worst of models" (*teste* Medwin), but also as a "d—d humbug" (*teste* Moore).

‡ Curiously enough Mathias, who, in his *Pursuits of Literature*, wrote a passage "to perpetuate the memory of this extraordinary event in literary history, which seems to be passing into oblivion" (1796), in one of the notes, states that the play was acted in *March*. But Mathias was often as inaccurate as he was arrogant. In another note, he states there were only two folio editions of Shakspeare published before the one by Rowe.

§ His sister, Mrs. Siddons, had declined a part, afterwards played by Mrs. Powell, on account of a cold under which she conveniently labored.

More articles and pamphlets *pro* and *con*.^{*} Great consternation, thereupon, in the house of Ireland. A committee of gentlemen is appointed to investigate the affair. Young Ireland appears before them, is examined, lies, prevaricates and is at his wit's end. He is requested to entreat the *Gentleman* to communicate under a pledge of secrecy with two of the committee; after some further procrastination the *Gentleman* consents to communicate with Mr. Albany Wallis, one of the body; a day is appointed for the purpose, and before Mr. Albany Wallis comes—William Henry Ireland, confesses that all the papers have been fabricated by him himself, and lodges in his hands as *pièces justificatives* some unfinished forgeries, with the remainder of the ink used in their fabrication. What is to be done now? Young Ireland opines he had better make a clean breast of it, and confess to the world at large; but Mr. Albany Wallis, "like an honest gentleman, . . . and, I warrant, a virtuous," advises him to hold his peace and let the affair blow over.

But the affair did not seem likely to blow over. On the contrary, it threatened to blow a hurricane. Old Ireland is distracted; goes out of town for a few days, and writes an earnest letter to his son, imploring him to do something to solve the mystery, and relieve his anxiety. Young Ireland, finding the mess desperate, packs up his things and leaves the parental roof;† never to return to it.

Not to go further into the details of this

^{*} Among the innumerable *facetiæ* which were provoked by this affair, may be mentioned the following:—the humorous version of *Three Children sliding on the Ice*, by Porson, published, under the signature of *S. England*, in the *Morning Chronicle* of the 13th of April, 1796, as a genuine fragment of Sophocles; *The Falstaff Letters*, published in the same year by James White, the friend of Charles Lamb, which purported to be "made public by a gentleman, a descendant of Dame Quickly, from genuine manuscripts, which have been in the possession of the Quickly family near four hundred years;" prefixed to the volume was a black-letter "Dedicatvone to Master Samuel Irelande." In the *Anti-Jacobin* of January 1st, 1798, appeared an old ballad of *The Duke and the Tazing Man*, stated to have been transmitted to the Editor, without preface or introduction, by a gentleman of the name of IRELAND." It was contributed by Chief Baron Macdonald.

† This event is thus referred to by a squire in the *Oracle* of December 1st:—"Dog lost.—On Sunday morning, from the neighborhood of *Norfolk-street*, a little black and white dog, answers to the name of *Bijou*. N. B.—He is supposed to have been a present from Q. Elizabeth to Shakspeare upon the Poet performing the character of Launce in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and this is the very dog he played with! LORD LEYCESTER gave him to the QUEEN." This mode of spelling Lord Leicester's name was one of the points strongly insisted on to prove the papers spurious.

part of the case, suffice it to say that soon after, though against the repeated advice of Mr. Albany Wallis, young Ireland published "An Authentic Account of the Shakspearian Manuscripts," etc., in which he publicly avowed that he had forged the papers himself, without any assistance. But nobody believed him. His father would not, still pinning his faith upon their authenticity. The believers, who had swallowed the camel, now strained at the gnat: however great their faith, they could not credit that they had been so ridiculously duped by a boy of about seventeen. The unbelievers chuckled, and though now satisfied of the spuriousness of the papers, imputed a large share in the fraud to Mr. Ireland. He published soon after a "Vindication of his Conduct," which was originally intended as an introduction to a reply to Malone; in this he violently attacked the critic, and referring to the public statement made by his son, cautiously left the world to judge of the truth of his allegations. This was followed by his *Investigation of Mr. Malone's claim to the character of scholar or critic*, in which he still abstained from declaring any opinion respecting the authenticity of the MSS., and said the truth might probably be ascertained at some future period. About the same time Chalmers published his *Apology for the Believers*, in which he argued that, though the papers were then admittedly spurious, upon the evidence they ought to have been genuine. His main object was to expose errors into which Malone had fallen in some antiquarian matters. He wound up his argument thus: "The believers were accordingly right in their mode of inquiry, and were only led into error by their systematic principles. Their opponents the sceptics, were only right by accident."*

In Mr. Ireland's handbill, circulated on

^{*} This extract is from his *Supplemental Apology*, published afterwards. It is curious to remark how this discussion, like all of a similar nature, had a tendency to branch off into collateral issues. After the publication of the *Apology* a new edition of the *Pursuits of Literature* appeared, in which was inserted a couplet which gave great offence to Chalmers: so to the *Supplemental Apology* he added a long *Postscript to T. J. Mathias F.R.S., F.S.A., the Author of the Pursuits of Literature*. At this Mathias, who had never acknowledged himself the author of that satire, took umbrage. Various severe squibs and epigrams against Chalmers appeared from time to time in the *Morning Chronicle*, which were afterwards collected and published under the title *Chalmeriana*, in which Mathias apparently had a hand, though the authorship is attributed by Lowndes to George Hardinge. Chalmers then published an *Appendix to the Supplemental Apology*, in which, after some general attacks on his opponents, he subsided into a long disquisition to prove that *Junius' Letters* were written by Hugh Boyd.

the evening that *Vortigern* was produced, it was announced that the play was at press, and would in a very few days be laid before the public. The publication, however, did not take place till nearly three years afterwards (1799). In the preface, Ireland stated that "neither the index-lore or the alphabetical, lexicographical labors" of the author of the *Inquiry*, "nor any declaration since made from a quarter once domestic to the editor" (!) could induce him to believe that the greater part of the papers was not genuine. At the same time he published "*Henry the Second*, an historical drama, supposed to be written by the author of *Vortigern*," which, in the advertisement, he said he had received from his son in his own handwriting, stated to have been copied from ancient and original papers in the possession of the *Gentleman*. The object of the delay in the publication was of course to wait till the hubbub had died away. But in the mean time all interest in the matter had expired with it. Nobody cared any longer about *Vortigern* or Ireland.

In the year following Mr. Ireland died. His books, etc., were sold off in May, 1801. The collection included all the fabricated papers, and among others what was called the Shakspeare Library, consisting of several old volumes which contained autograph notes by Shakspeare, from the pen of young Ireland. In 1805 the latter published his *Confessions*, an amplification of the *Authentic Account*, interspersed with anecdotes, and much abuse of Malone and others who had assisted in exposing the fraud. He afterwards passed an obscure life; became a bookseller's hack; wrote some novels, long since forgotten, if ever known; and in 1832 republished *Vortigern*, with his father's original preface, and a new one by himself. In this he still exhibits the same inveterate rancor against all who had a share in denouncing the forgeries, though he is more wrathful against Parr, who had recently died, and Boaden, who was still alive. He also defended his conduct by the examples, not only of Chatterton, which was perhaps fair enough, but also of Horace Walpole, who had passed off the *Castle of Otranto* as a translation from an old Italian MS., and of Sir Walter Scott, who had denied, "even to majesty itself," the authorship of the *Waverley Novels*. The author of the Shakspeare Papers died in poverty in 1835.

Such is the generally accredited account of the Ireland forgeries. Although at the time a strong suspicion was excited that Samuel Ireland, the father, was more mixed up in the matter than he chose to avow, yet this suspicion gradually died away, and the son's statement was believed, that he was

the sole originator and fabricator of the fraud, and that his father was all along his dupe. It was even supposed that the death of the latter had been hastened by the distress and vexation occasioned by his son's conduct. Lately, however, a new version of the tale has been given to the world, upon which it may be worth while to bestow a little examination. In an appendix to Dr. Ingleby's little book, entitled *The Shakspeare Fabrications*,* occurs this passage:—

"The object of the *Vindication* was to exonerate Samuel Ireland from all knowledge of or participation in the forgery; yet the whole confession, or at least the substance of it, was itself a fabrication, Samuel Ireland being the original concocter of the whole scheme of deception, and the person who himself forged several of the signatures, etc."

Then after quoting a passage from the *Confessions*, in which W. H. Ireland speaks of his father's tenacious adherence to truth, Dr. Ingleby proceeds:—

"Yet this man of scrupulous truth positively trained his whole family to trade in forgery. He himself was the general who devised and methodized the strategy and executed the simulated handwriting. W. H. Ireland's "duty" was merely that of amanuensis and copier for his excellent parent: the elder daughter of Samuel Ireland wrote the imitations of the dramatist, *Vortigern* and *Ravena*, etc., while her younger sister was her assistant. The house of the Irelands was, in fact, a manufactory of forgeries, done for the sole object of making money. . . ."

" . . . When concealment was no longer possible, the *Authentic Account* and *Confessions* were published to raise the wind. These are a tissue of lies. William Henry always made double capital out of a confession, by leaving room for a confession of the falsity of a confession. As soon as the bubble had burst, and the *Authentic Account* had found believers, W. H. Ireland forged his father's forgeries, and sold or gave away to friends his duplicates! One of these was presented by him to his friend W. Moncrieff, the dramatist. The volume is now in the possession of Dr. Mackay, the poet. It contains, besides the MS. forgeries, a portrait of Moncrieff, and of the two sisters of William Henry Ireland.† Another volume of the forgeries is in the British Museum, and a third duplicate was sold for a large sum at Mr. Dent's sale."

* London: 1859.

† Dr. Ingleby, probably writing from memory, has here fallen into an inaccuracy. The portraits of the young ladies are in one engraving, and are described in a footnote in ink, in W. H. Ireland's own writing, as 1—"Miss Anna Maria Ireland, eldest sister of W. H. Ireland, who transcribed most of his fabrications; 2—"Miss Jane Linley, sister of the first Mrs. Sheridan." The same plate is in one of the volumes in the British Museum, where, in a pencil-note, apparently in the same handwriting, strangely enough the portraits are described 1—as "Miss Ireland, who copied the MSS.;" and 2—as "Miss Linley, afterwards Mrs. Sheridan."

Dr. Ingleby obtained his information from a gentleman who had written a note on the subject in Willis' *Current Notes* for December, 1855, who was an intimate acquaintance of the Irelands, and to whom William Henry is stated to have made the last confession of the falsity of his published *Confessions*.

Let us briefly consider whether there is any evidence confirmatory of this statement.

The expression, that "William Henry always made double capital out of a confession by leaving room for a confession of the falsity of a confession," would imply that after he had made money by the publication of one confession he made more by the publication of another contradicting the former. But there is no ground for such an imputation. He published three statements in the *Authentic Account*, the *Confessions* and the preface to *Vortigern*. They are all substantially the same. In each he declares that the origin of the fabrications was the forged lease to Fraser, executed to gratify his father, and that the success of this, joined to the suggestions of friends, induced him to discover more papers; but from beginning to end he is consistent in taking the whole discreditable credit of the affair on himself, and as he exonerates his father in his lifetime from all share in the fraud, so he does when he writes more than thirty years after his father's death.

The assertion that W. H. Ireland forged "his father's forgeries and sold his duplicates," is mainly founded on the assumption that S. Ireland was the original forger. That W. H. Ireland made duplicates or copies of the forgeries there is no doubt, and that he may have sold them is highly probable. The specimens, both in Dr. Mackay's volume and in the one in the British Museum, referred to by Dr. Ingleby, are clearly copies, not originals. They differ in many respects from the fac-similes published in the *Miscellaneous Papers*, and there are some which do not even pretend to be copies of the original documents.* They are probably mere specimens of young Ireland's craft, which he gave away or sold as curiosities. There is, however, another volume in the British Museum about which there is some mystery. Both the Irelands—the father in his *advertisement* to the play of *Henry II.*, and the son in his *Confessions*—state that the original MS. of that play was never produced,† the son having

framed excuses for his being able to bring only a copy in his own handwriting. The volume in question contains the MS. of the entire play in the fabricated handwriting that was passed off as Shakspeare's. The MS. is neatly and carefully written upon old paper, the greater part of which has no water-mark. The title is *Historycaille Playe | off | Kynge Henrye the Seconde | William Shakspeare |*, the name being an imitation of Shakspeare's autograph. Both this and the other volume in the British Museum formerly belonged to Bishop Butler. How they came into his possession is not known. It is impossible, therefore, to say under what circumstances this MS. was produced; its existence seems inconsistent with the published statements of the Irelands. This volume, however, may have been merely another specimen of art transcribed from the play after it had been printed, and may have been sold as such. It does not seem very probable that it would have been put forward as an original fabrication after the publication of the *Confessions*; but even if it had been, and W. H. Ireland had been guilty of this additional fraud, that is no ground for implicating his father or any other member of his family.*

What cannot fail to induce some feeling of doubt in the truth of W. H. Ireland's narrative, is the fact that a comparatively uneducated youth should, without co-operation, have produced not only such a mass of manuscripts in so short a time, but that he should have been able to fabricate a drama of nearly three thousand lines which by any sane person could be received as the poetry of Shakspeare.

That he was ill-educated there can be no possible doubt. His *Confessions* abundantly prove it. He throughout writes Quintain, *Quintin*; he talks of *et ceterae*; introduces Porson under the cockney disguise of *P'ws'n* and commits other similar blunders. But he had a certain talent, that of copying old writing. He had probably acquired such a facility in this old hand, that it was as easy to him as his own natural writing.† And he delivered to his father in his own handwriting, and that he never was at the trouble of reproducing it in the disguised hand.

* The note, mentioned before, that Miss Ireland "copied the MSS.," as explained by the other note, clearly means that she "transcribed" them—i. e., copied out the spurious old MSS. into a legible hand. Rather an unusual acquirement for a young lady, it must be owned; but perhaps not an extraordinary one for Miss Ireland, whose father was a great collector of old writings, to read and copy which she may have been taught, without having been "trained to forgery."

† He certainly wrote autographs from memory. One of the "specimens" in Dr. Mackay's volume is described as "tracing from the authentic signatures of Shakspeare." It consists of the signature

* *E. g.*, three specimens of the fabricated signature of Shakspeare on one small slip of paper. These are copies of the signature on three different documents.

† The father says, "the title and two other leaves only were produced of the old MS., and these were asserted to be all that would ever appear in that style." The son asserts generally that the play was

seems to have had leisure enough. As to the acceptance of *Vortigern*, it may be said that its way had been prepared by a number of comparatively insignificant documents, which having been received with too ready a credulity, the believers probably had not courage to suspect or perhaps even to scrutinize this fresh miracle which emanated from the same source. Faith, like Fame, acquires strength by progress. Possibly had *Vortigern* been produced as one of the earliest papers, it would have been rejected as summarily as it was when submitted to the judgment of the Drury-lane pit.

There is no evidence to counterbalance William Henry's positive and repeated assurance that he received no assistance from any quarter. If there were any one towards whom suspicion might be directed, it would be to Mr. Montague Talbot, the intimate friend and confidant of young Ireland, and to some extent his aider and abettor in the fraud.* Talbot to adopt W. H. Ireland's

to the mortgage and the three signatures to the will; but they are all much larger than the originals, and are obviously not original tracings. There is an anecdote recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1838), that W. H. Ireland, having once inspected the *De Burgum Pedigree*, one of Chatterton's earliest forgeries, then in the possession of Mr. Jos^{ph} Cottle, wrote on a piece of paper *fac-similes* of various autographs of Queen Elizabeth and Shakspeare.

* Talbot was originally articulated to a conveyancer but quitted the law, and appeared for a short time on the London stage. He then went to Ireland (the kingdom so called), and acted there under his Christian name of Montague. It seems he had from the first suspected the validity of the Shakspeare papers, and by a stratagem contrived to take his friend *with the mainour*,—that is, detected him in the very act of fabrication. He promised him secrecy, and kept

phrase, was "a friend of the Muses;" he undoubtedly offered to assist in the fabrication of *Vortigern*, and it was agreed that the plan of some of the scenes should be sent to him in Dublin; but William Henry says this plan was never carried into execution, and that he completed the play without any aid from him.

On this part of the case, therefore, the conclusion seems inevitable either that Dr. Ingleby's informant is in error, or that he derives his knowledge from some sources which have never been open to the public.* From the evidence before them, Mr. Ireland, senior, must be acquitted from all share of the knavery of the transaction, and be convicted only of an egregious amount of folly; and the charitable will not be sorry to think that the young gentleman is not so black as he has been painted.

T. J. A.

his word. He seems to have been a young gentleman who, to use the words of one of our living wits, was wont "to postpone truth to the purposes of the moment." He not only became the voucher to Mr. Ireland, senior, for the story about "Mr. H.," but when the explosion was imminent, expressed his readiness to make an affidavit to the same effect, if his friend William Henry would join in it. But the latter, it seems, had some weak scruples on the subject, and did not care to commit a perjury which might have been detected.

* Since this article was in type, the writer has received a communication from a literary gentleman, who was on terms of intimacy with the late W. H. Ireland. This gentleman, who describes him as an intelligent and well-conducted person, says he was very communicative as to his Shaksperian fabrications; he never said in plain terms that his father was *pry* to his imposture, but somewhat suspiciously hinted *doubts* as to his total ignorance of what was so mysteriously going on.

RIDE v. DRIVE.—I have been amused by the discussion which has been carried on as to the propriety of the expression "riding in a carriage." If those who object to it had read the Bible carefully, or even listened to it when read in the church, they would scarcely have spoken of the phrase so contemptuously, one of them even calling it a vulgarism. I would refer them in particular to 2 Kings ix. 16., "So Jehu rode in a chariot;" and x. 16., "So they made him ride in his chariot." Several other passages might be quoted from that "well of English undefiled," the authorized version of the Bible, but your readers will probably think these sufficient.

—Notes and Queries.

SENESCENS.

LINES ON A PIGEON.—Dr. Wm. Lort Mansell, afterwards bishop of Bristol, in a letter to

T. J. Mathias, author of *The Pursuits of Literature*, dated August 9, 1782, sends to him the following lines, most probably his own composition. He says:—

"By the by, Shaver Hodson swears these six lines are an incomparable parody:—

" 'If 'tis joy to wound a pigeon,
How much more to eat him broiled?
Sweetest bird in all the kitchen;
Sweetest, if he is not spoiled.

I swear, my transports, when I've got him,
Are ten times more than when I shot him."

"He says, there is not a word hooked in, and that it is a model for parodying."

Whose lines are here parodied?

—Notes and Queries.

J. Y.

From The Saturday Review.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES OF DR.
WOLFF.*

DR. WOLFF enjoys a deserved reputation, beyond the circle which is called the "religious world," for the courage and address with which, when no lodger a young man, he penetrated into Bokhara in order to discover the fate of the murdered English envoys, Conolly and Stoddart. The present instalment of the earlier travels and adventures of this celebrated missionary may be safely recommended as a very striking and entertaining narrative. Parts of it would seem from occasional remarks of the writer, to have been anticipated in various religious publications. But the general reader will find it all very novel and amusing, while the quaint style in which it is written adds no inconsiderable charm to the story. The autobiographer always speaks of himself in the third person, and as often as not in the present tense, and long dialogues are constantly interspersed in a very graphic manner. There is not a scruple of what is called *reticence* in Dr. Wolff's composition. He is forever confiding publicly to his readers his sense of his moral faults and deficiencies. Perhaps this is meant to disarm hostile criticism. Any how, under cover of this voluntary confession, he indulges in a most pleasant *naïveté* and egotistical vanity, and portrays all his weaknesses very agreeably to his readers. He is evidently a clever, restless, and impulsive man, whose enthusiasm upon any subject has a tendency to run into credulity and exaggeration. But he is thoroughly in earnest, and we cannot help sincerely respecting him even when our judgment is inclined to question his sanity. How far a man with such pronounced crotchets, and such singular views of prophecy, as Dr. Wolff seems to have had, was fit for a Christian missionary may perhaps be doubted. Thus we find him in one place avowing his belief that "Isaiah was a dervish and walked about naked, and that the prophets and the dervishes of the present day symbolize by this nakedness events which are to take place upon this earth."

Many of his speculations as to the interpretation of unfulfilled prophecy he has in later years wisely abandoned. But he seems to have taught at one time, that the year 1847 would be the exact epoch of the "renovation of the world and the restoration of the Jews, at the coming of Messiah in glory"

* *Travels and Adventures of the Rev. Joseph Wolff, D.D., L.L.D., Vicar of St. Andrew's, near Taunton, and late Missionary to the Jews and Muhammadans in Persia, Bokhara, Cashmere, &c.* Vol. 1. London: Saunders, Otley, and Co. 1860.

—for which he was well laughed at by Sir Charles James Napier and others. "And Wolff deeply regrets," he now says, penitently, "that he ever fell into the errors here alluded to." But he still seems to cling to the belief that there is to be a personal millennial reign of our Lord upon earth, and he often says that he found this a powerful argument with the Jews to whom he preached. To do him justice, he never failed to urge upon them the truth that the Messiah had once come; but he very much conciliated them by the assurance that another coming—not to judgment, but to a millennial reign—was to be expected. Whether any good was ever effected by Dr. Wolff's erratic proceedings among the Oriental Jews and Muhammadans may perhaps be reasonably doubted. But this is not the place to discuss that question. We may safely say that his motives were good, and that his peculiar gifts of language and his singular restlessness of temperament qualified him for some such vocation; while any more fixed and ordered mode of life would have been to him simply intolerable. From several hints dropped in the present volume, he seems to have been forever in hot water with the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, whose agent in the East he ostensibly was. In some cases, he frankly acknowledges himself to have been in the wrong. But a gentler temper than his might well have rebelled against the narrow-minded dictation of a London committee; and his sarcasm is bitterness itself when he contrasts with the freedom allowed to St. Francis Xavier—his own self-chosen example—the petty tyranny exercised by certain missionary societies at home over their unfortunate agents abroad. Indeed, it is much to be regretted that he has not pruned the exuberance of the epithets which he applies to some of the religionists of whom he most disapproves. "Filthy Calvinist," "some long-nosed, snuff-taking lady of the so-called Evangelical party," "a long-face-pulling lady with a whining voice," "nasty Atheist and infidel," and the like, are rather indecorous expressions. Even when religion is not concerned, Dr. Wolff is a good hater. He never mentions a certain Frenchman, with whom he travelled in Mesopotamia, but as "Digeon the scoundrel." Perhaps this want of reserve makes the book all the more amusing. It is no wonder that so plain-spoken a traveller got called names in return. Thus, on a visit to Ireland, he seems to have made himself peculiarly offensive to the Roman Catholics; and Mr. Sheil revenged them by calling him "Baron von Münchhausen, Katerfelto, Mendez, the old clothesman of

Monmouth Street," etc. "And Wolff, in anger—certainly not in the true spirit of Christ—called him a liar in return."

It is time, however, to give a brief sketch of Dr. Wolff's singular history and adventures. Few men have had a wider and more unusual experience of men and things than the subject of this autobiography. He was born in 1795, at Weilersbach, near Bamberg, being the eldest son of the Jewish rabbi of that place. Fifteen days after his birth, the terrors of the French invasion drove the Wolffs to Kissingen; and, in 1802, Rabbi David settled at Ulfeld, in Bavaria. Joseph Wolff's earliest recollections give a curious insight into the habits of thought prevailing among the German Jews of that time. The follies and superstitions of the Talmud seem to have been accepted unhesitatingly, and miracles in favor of Judaism were supposed to be of frequent occurrence. A barber-surgeon, named Spiess, gave Wolff the first glimpse of Christianity, and bade him read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, which made him resolve to abandon Judaism at the earliest opportunity. He went at once to the Lutheran minister of the place; but he, unlike Canon Dalton of Norwich, finding that the young inquirer was only seven years old, declined to receive him, as he was still under the legal tutelage of his parents. The lad was sent by his father, four years later, to the Protestant Lyceum at Stuttgart, and afterwards by an uncle, who was "a Jew of the modern style, rather leaning to infidelity," to the Roman Catholic Lyceum at Bamberg. Turned out of doors, at last, by his friends, for his wish to become a Christian, he wandered to Frankfort, Prague, and Vienna, and nearly every other city in South Germany, supporting himself by teaching Hebrew. He seems to have been received kindly by all sorts of religionists in turn, and to have picked up some instruction from them all. He says that he found most of the Jews and of the Protestants infidels or freethinkers, and maintained his own preference for Roman Catholicism. Accordingly, he was baptized into that communion at Prague, in 1812, being then seventeen years old.

He had already made the acquaintance of Falk, Goethe, and Voss. Now he was matriculated at Vienna, and got to know the Orientalists, Jahn and Von Hammer, besides Friedrich von Schlegel, Körner, the poet, and the celebrated Redemptorist, Hoffbauer. The description of the five religious parties then existing in Vienna, is most curious. But it seems scarcely credible that the Mystics—who were disciples of one Peschel—could have proceeded, as he asserts, to the length of crucifying one of their number

chosen by lot on each Good Friday. The first victim, a poor girl, was thus murdered. But next year the lot "fell on a fat Roman Catholic priest, who did not relish the thought at all, and so he gave notice to the police, who took the Mystics into custody, and Wolff himself saw Peschel in prison." Hoffbauer, the head of the Vienna Ultramontanes was only a degree less fanatical. Wolff himself preferred the more moderate—or what we should call the Gallican—opinions of Sailer, whom he calls the Fenelon of Germany, and was still more influenced by the celebrated Count Stolberg, who became his patron, and entertained him for many months in his castle. In 1815, Wolff made the acquaintance of Prince Hohenlohe, afterwards famous for his alleged miraculous powers though the Pope himself said of him sneeringly to Niebuhr—"Questo far dei miracoli." Wolff accuses this enthusiast of something like theft, of deliberate falsehood, and of profligate conversation. Continuing his Oriental studies at Tübingen, under the famous Arabic scholar Schnurrer, Wolff was warned by the Protestant professors there that his moderate opinions would not be tolerated when he came to the Propaganda. From Tübingen, in 1816, he started on foot for Rome. At Aarau, on his way, he had an interview with Madame de Krudener, the pietist, who had the credit of converting the Emperor Alexander and Jung Stilling, the mystic tailor. At Fribourg his Hebrew Bible was taken away from him by the head of the Redemptorists there, because it was printed in so heretical a town as Amsterdam. Further on, at Vevay, he got another one from a Lutheran pastor. But this, in its turn, was confiscated by the Redemptorists at Valais, because it was printed at Leipsic. However, Wolff recovered it by stealth, and ran away. Afterwards he showed it to the pope, and told him its history, "on which Pius VII. laughed, and said, 'There are hot-headed people to be found everywhere.'" The Bible's adventures were not over yet. In 1818, Wolff was expelled from the Propaganda, and left the book behind him; but years afterwards it was restored to him at Philadelphia, by Kenrick, a fellow-student, who had become one of the Roman Catholic bishops of the United States. One of the best-told anecdotes of Wolff's journey to Rome describes his reception as *un Ebreo convertito* by a convent of Salesian nuns at Novara. He had to recite the *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria* and *Salve Regina* amidst the enthusiastic ladies. "They all exclaimed 'How this blessed, blessed young man makes the cross.' 'Amabile giovane,' said they, in the midst of their prayers, 'God bless him!'" At Turin, Wolff met Madame de Stael, and

made his first English acquaintance in the person of Mr. David Baillic. He went by sea from Genoa to Leghorn, and so to Rome, partly on foot. On his way, he meets two Spanish Franciscans. "The old one was an ignorant jackass; but the young one was a man of the highest talent, who gave Wolff an insight into the cruelty of the Inquisition in Spain." At Faenza he met Professor Orioli, who gave him a friendly but unheeded warning. "Look out at Rome, Wolff. *Con Dio è perdono, un prete non perdona mai*. With God there is a pardon—a priest never pardons."

Among his Roman friends figure Overbeck the painter, the Abbate Östini, and Cardinal Litta. Of the latter he draws a most amiable picture. He was exceedingly well received as a Jewish convert; and the special kindness shown him by Pius VII., who placed him in the Propaganda, is always mentioned with becoming gratitude. We have a curious and not unpleasant picture of the life of the Propaganda students, which may be compared with that of the Irish College, described by Cardinal Wiseman in his *Personal Recollections*. Wolff soon rebelled against the extreme principles of his teachers. He questioned the infallibility of the pope; he resented the election to the cardinalate, for political reasons, of the immoral and sceptical Von Häffelin; he quarrelled with Cardinal della Somaglia, who argued with him that the pope could override the authority of the Hebrew original of the Scriptures; and he gradually became more intemperate and unguarded in his speech as he was, with justice, more and more suspected. About this time Mr. Henry Drummond, then in Rome, made his acquaintance, and began to urge him to "come out of Babylon." It was too late for a voluntary escape. He was expelled from Rome, and sent, under the charge of a familiar of the Inquisition, to Vienna. There, however, his old friend Hoffbauer received him kindly, and got him admitted into the Redemptorist monastery of Val-sainte, in Switzerland. Here we have an absurd anecdote of monastic life. "Every Friday evening they assembled in a dark room, put out the candles, and then every one flagellated himself. Wolff attempted to join in this self-discipline, but he gave himself only one stroke, and then administered all the other blows to his leather trousers, which were pushed down to his knees, and it made a loud sound. The others, observing this device, laughed very heartily, and several of them afterwards followed Wolff's example, especially one, who stood near the wall, and gave it also the benefit of the lash." When Dr. Wolff tells this good story *viva voce*, we believe he adds the

further most amusing detail, that the flagellants used to take care in the dark to flog each other. As might be expected he soon abandoned the monastic life. He wandered to Lausanne, where, by a curious chance, he fell in with an English lady, a Miss Greaves, a friend of Mr. Drummond, who paid his expenses to London.

This was in 1819. Mr. Drummond immediately took his *protégé* to a Baptist's chapel and a Quaker's meeting, and then to a Methodist congregation. But Wolff was dissatisfied with them all. At last he went to the Episcopal Jewish Chapel in Palestine-place, where "Wolff was enchanted with the devotion and beauty of the ritual" of the Church of England, and at once attached himself to that communion. He was soon introduced to the Rev. Lewis Way, an amiable enthusiast, who, in spite of all discouragements, devoted his life and an immense fortune to the attempt to convert Jews to Christianity, and was sent to Cambridge, at the cost of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, to complete his studies of the Oriental languages under the celebrated Prof. Lee. At Cambridge, his chief patron was Charles Simeon, whom Dr. Wolff emphatically declares to have been in heart a High Churchman, and whose vain attempts to teach Wolff to shave himself, or to sharpen a razor, are very humorously told. There are other curious anecdotes of his Cambridge life.

At last, in 1821, Wolff set out on his foreign travels, as an accredited missionary of the Jews' Society, though we observe no mention of any formal ordination to the office. At Gibraltar he had long discussions with many of his nation, not forgetting a collateral controversy with Roman Catholics. At Malta he met the impostor Clement Naudi, who not only deceived several of the English religious Societies, but the Roman Catholics also. This man's wife was represented to the latter as a convert from Protestantism, and was in the habit of communicating at mass every Sunday morning, while at the same time the Protestants thought her a convert from Romanism on the strength of her "experiences," as detailed in a Wesleyan "class meeting" which she attended every evening. Thence to Alexandria, where Wolff preached to English, Italians, Greeks, Turks, and Jews indifferently. He seems, however, to have succeeded in reconverting an American naval officer who "had been made a Muhammadan by reading Eichhorn's *Commentaries*, Bishop Marsh's translation of *Michaelis*, and Warburton's *Discrepancies of Scripture*." On the other hand, one Caviglia seems to have persuaded Wolff of the truth of magic, and our autobiographer

gives an account of a remarkable experiment which he witnessed. In company with Messrs. Clarke and Carne—the latter of whom was travelling for the express purpose of marrying an Eastern beauty, and who was all but persuaded into a most imprudent match at Damascus by his dragoman—Wolff went to Mount Sinai laden with Bibles. After capture by the Arabs, the party was brought back to Cairo. Thence, however, he started again for Jaffa and Beyrout and Jerusalem. In every place he seems to have visited the Jews, and to have discussed Christianity with their Rabbis. But no lasting effect was produced. *Appropos* of Lady Hester Stanhope, Dr. Wolff tells an anecdote of a prediction by that lady's prophet M. Lustaneau, of the earthquake which destroyed Aleppo. Wolff declares he heard this prophecy before the event, and that he was a witness of its fulfilment.

Dr. Wolff's journeys in Mesopotamia, to

Bagdad, to Sheeraz, to Ispahan, to Tiflis, and in Armenia and Circassia and the Crimea, resemble all other Eastern travels with the difference of his colloquies with the Jewish teachers wherever he found them. In Kurdistan he was seized by some marauders and bastinadoed with two hundred stripes. Returning to England in 1826, Dr. Wolff married during his stay here Lady Georgiana Walpole, and became a naturalized Englishman. In his second great missionary journey his wife accompanied him as far as the Mediterranean. But after visiting every part of the Levant, he set out for Persia and Bokhara alone. After many remarkable adventures, in the course of which he was stripped and made a slave, but providentially rescued, he arrived at the gates of Bokhara, where the present volume leaves him. We hope that at an early day we may have the pleasure of continuing these spirited and entertaining records of travel.

A CURIOUS JEWISH CUSTOM.—I remember to have seen some time ago in one of the papers of the day an extract from the *Jewish Chronicle*, containing some account of a custom, periodically observed by certain continental Jews, of burying defective and otherwise unserviceable copies of the Law. On the occasion referred to, the sale of the ground selected for this purpose having been arranged, with other preliminaries, and the sacred MSS. safely deposited in sewn or sealed bags, the party repaired with all due solemnity to the cemetery, carrying the condemned scrolls. The sale of the ground alone realized a considerable sum, added to which, certain fees which obtained for the highest bidders the office of *grave-diggers* on the occasion, and the honor of this last consignment, amounting in all to several hundred florins, were devoted to educational purposes, the erection of schools, and other objects of charity. Perhaps some correspondent of "N. & Q." better acquainted with modern Hebrew usages, may be able to furnish a more detailed and accurate account of so interesting a ceremony, and to inform me whether the above custom prevails throughout the Hebrew community, or is only confined to certain continental localities.

—Notes and Queries.

F. PHILLOTT.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—After numerous fruitless efforts to recover the *débris* of the Atlantic cable, the attempt has finally been abandoned. Mr. Varley, the electrician of the company, reports: "After repeated attempts to raise the cable by grapneling, in order to test its electrical condition, and with a view to land

it at New Perlican, as instructed by the board, we regret having to report that, although we have on many occasions been able to raise the bight, and so get on board at different times pieces of cable, in all amounting to about seven miles, we have invariably found it broken again a few miles off." Mr. Varley proceeds with a detailed account of the different voyages that have been made, in the hope of recovering the cable. Writing afterwards of the bottom near Newfoundland, he says: "Although mud is shown on the charts, there are most unquestionably rocks also, as was too plainly indicated by the state of the cable, rock weed and sea animalcules adhering to and surrounding it in many places, showing that it had been suspended clear of the bottom. The cable was invariably hauled in by hand to avoid unnecessary strain. The recovered cable varied in condition very much, and what is most important is, that even those portions which came out of the black mud were so perished in numerous patches, that the outer covering parted on board during the process of hauling in, and but for the dexterity and courage of the men in seizing hold of it beyond the break, where the iron wire stuck out like bunches of highly-sharpened needle points, we should not have known so much of its condition. Those portions of the recovered cable that were wrapped with tarred yarn were sound, the tar and hemp having preserved the iron wires bright and free from rust. This will be further reported on when the pieces of recovered cable have been more closely examined. It is with deep regret that we have to inform you that it has been necessary to abandon the cable."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

LORD MACAULAY AND DUNDEE.

Few celebrated men have suffered more injustice at the hands of posterity than John Grahame of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee. A perverse fate seems to have pursued his memory. Falling upon evil days, and playing an important part in the closing scenes of a dark and tragic period, it is not wonderful that his acts should have been misrepresented, and his character distorted, by contemporary malice and falsehood. But the ill fortune of Claverhouse has pursued him to our own times. Sir Walter Scott once remarked, with perfect truth, "that no character had been so foully traduced as that of the Viscount of Dundee—that, thanks to Wodrow, Crookshank, and such chroniclers, he, who was every inch a soldier and a gentleman, still passed among the Scottish vulgar for a ruffian desperado, who rode a goblin horse, was proof against shot, and in league with the devil."*

Unhappily it is not among the Scottish vulgar alone that misconception as to the character of Dundee has prevailed. It is indeed only very lately, and principally in consequence of the reaction produced by the unscrupulous virulence of recent attacks upon his memory, that investigations have been made, which have placed his character in a truer light, and removed the load of obloquy under which it has so long and so unjustly lain. True as Sir Walter Scott's instincts and sympathies were, even he has admitted into his masterly portrait of Claverhouse some touches darker than can be justified by what we now know of his character. This is to be attributed partly to the fact that many circumstances have come to light since *Old Mortality* was written, and partly to the excellences of Sir Walter Scott's own character, which became, by excess, defects. His acquaintance with the times of which he wrote was profound; his power of reproducing the character he depicted—of evoking not merely the form and lineaments of the dead, but of breathing into that form the very soul by which it had been animated—was unequalled by any but Shakspeare himself; and his mind was far too great, his sympathies too catholic, and his disposition too generous, to permit him to pervert this power to the service of party aims, or the promulgation of his individual opinions and predilections. His fault lay in the opposite direction. His opponents found more than justice at his hands, whilst those with whose opinions and characters he sympathized, sometimes found less. He has adorned Balfour of Burley with a wild heroism far higher than should be awarded to the savage mur-

derer of Archbishop Sharpe, and has dealt out but scant measure of justice to the accomplished and chivalrous Grahame of Claverhouse.

Lord Macaulay's errors were of a different kind. They proceeded from a too eager partisanship, a too fervid attachment to the creeds and traditions of the party to which he belonged. We have never grudged our share of the tribute universally and justly paid to the eloquence, the power, the varied research, the vast knowledge, which combined to chain the reader by a magical influence to the pages of his *History*. It stands like that fair cathedral, whose unfinished towers are reflected in the waters of the Rhine, a mighty and a beautiful fragment. We trust that no feeblar hand will attempt its completion; and we indulge with pleasure the belief that future volumes would have redeemed the injustice into which his impetuous temperament, his love of striking and picturesque effects, and sometimes a natural, though dangerous, delight in the exercise of his own powers, have too often betrayed the historian.

There are few occurrences in life that so deeply impress the mind and touch the heart, as when a noble antagonist is struck down in the full vigor of his powers. The eloquent pen which placed in vivid reality before our eyes the defence of Derry and the trial of Warren Hastings, which painted the court of Charles II. with the gayety of Watteau, and the Black Hole of Calcutta with the power of Rembrandt, has dropped from the hand that guided it; the flashing eye which heralded the impetuous words to which we have often listened with delight is dim; and the stores of that marvellous memory, where priceless jewels and worthless trifles were alike treasured up, will never more be poured out in prodigal generosity for our instruction and delight.

Justice to the mighty dead with whose ashes his own are now mingled, has, however, frequently compelled us to point out what have appeared to us to be the errors, the mistakes, and the faults of Lord Macaulay's *History*.

The conqueror of Blenheim, the founder of Pennsylvania, the hero of Killiecrankie, and the victim of Glencoe stand now no further from us than he whom we have so lately lost. The narrow line over which we may be as suddenly summoned, is all that separates us. Silent shadows, they demand equal justice. But we enter upon our present task with mournful feelings, and we trust that we shall keep carefully in view, that in writing of the dead it is the duty no less of the critic than of the historian to keep ever in mind that he is dealing with those who cannot reply.

* Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. iv. p. 38.

Lord Macaulay's portrait of Claverhouse is dashed in with the boldest handling, and in the darkest colors. Every lineament is that of a fiend. Courage—the courage of a demon fearing neither God nor man—is the only virtue, if indeed such courage can be called a virtue, he allows him. A few lines suffice for the sketch:—

"Pre-eminent among the bands which oppressed and wasted these unhappy districts, were the dragoons commanded by John Graham of Claverhouse. The story ran that these wicked men used in their revels to play at the torments of hell, and to call each other by the names of devils and damned souls. The chief of this Tophet, a soldier of distinguished courage and professional skill, but rapacious and profane, of violent temper and of obdurate heart, has left a name which, wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy of hatred. To recapitulate all the crimes by which this man, and men like him, goaded the peasantry of the Western Lowlands into madness, would be an endless task."

We confess that we are at a loss to understand the extreme horror with which the satanic sports of the soldiery seem to have inspired Lord Macaulay. One would not expect the amusements of troopers to be of the most refined description, but it is going rather too far to conclude that a dragoon must necessarily be "wild, wicked, and hard-hearted," because he hits a comrade across the shoulder in sport, and calls him Beelzebub. Sportive allusions to the prince of darkness and his imps do not necessarily imply allegiance to his power. King George III. was certainly a pious prince, yet "the story runs," as Lord Macaulay would say, that when Lord Erskine presented the corps of volunteers belonging to the Inns of Court to his majesty, the king exclaimed, "What! what! *all* lawyers? Call them the Devil's Own—the Devil's Own." And "the Devil's Own" they were called from that day forward; their learned and gallant successors, who drill in Lincoln's-Inn Garden and King's Bench Walks still rejoicing in the same infernal designation, and being rather proud of it. We remember a *jeu d'esprit*, currently ascribed to an eminent Whig pen, which ran the circuit of the papers some twenty years ago, in which every eminent member of the Tory party was adorned with his particular diabolical cognomen. We quote from memory, but we have a very distinct recollection of the following lines as a part of the catalogue:—

"Devils of wit and devils of daring;
Mephistopheles Lyndhurst and Mammon Bar-
ing;

Devils of wealth and devils of zeal,
Belial Croker and Beelzebub Peel."

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE.

545

Yet we never heard that the venerable ex-chancellor felt his dignity compromised, or that Sir Robert Peel ever considered whether there might not be three courses open to him, any one of which he might select to punish the audacious poet. Nor, we conceive, would Lord Macaulay have denounced him as "wicked and profane."

To descend from kings and statesmen to "mortal men and miscreants," we remember when the "Olympic Devils" was the most popular of all amusements. It was in our younger days, when, in that pleasant little theatre behind the Strand Church, men, and women too, who, we trust, were not of any extreme wickedness, used to "play at the torments of hell," and certainly to call each other by very diabolical names. Yet the chief of that Tophet in Wych Street, an actress of distinguished beauty and professional skill, was, we trust, neither rapacious nor profane, and certainly not of violent temper nor obdurate heart, and has left a name which, wherever the English race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy of any thing but hatred.

To come to more important matters. When Lord Macaulay asserts that Claverhouse was one of those whose conduct "goaded the peasantry of the Western Lowlands into madness," he shows an utter disregard both of facts and dates. There is probably but one opinion now as to the insanity of the attempt to force Episcopacy upon Scotland. But Prelacy was restored in May, 1662;* the ministers were ejected in the month of November in the same year.† The Court of Ecclesiastical Commission commenced its proceedings in 1664.‡ The military oppressions raged in 1665.§ The insurrection which terminated in the defeat of Pentland took place the following year. Then followed countless executions, civil and military. The boot and the gibbet were in constant employment. In 1668 the life of Sharpe was attempted by Mitchell. In 1670, rigorous laws were passed against conventicles; at the same time, the tyranny and insolence of Lauderdale excited universal hatred and disgust. In 1676 the proceedings of the government became even more severe. "Letters of intercommuning," as they were called, were issued, denouncing the severest penalties against all who should afford meat, drink, or shelter to an outlaw.¶ The field-preachers were hunted down by the soldiery, but their hearers rallied round them, and contests, frequently bloody and often of doubtful issue, occurred. The Bass was converted into a prison, the dungeons of which were crowded with captive ministers, and the

* Laing, ii. 21, 1st edit., vol. iv. of 2d edit.

† Ibid. 27. ‡ Ibid. ii. 34. § Ibid. || Ibid. ii. 68.

Highland host was called in to ravage the unhappy Western Lowlands at the latter end of 1677.*

These were the outrages by which the country was "goaded into madness." But Claverhouse had not, nor could he have, any part or share whatever in them. He was absent from the country during the whole of the time during which they were committed, and did not return to Scotland until the early part of the year 1678.† The first mention of him that occurs in Wodrow is in May, 1679, immediately before the skirmish of Drumclog. Lord Macaulay had Wodrow before him—he refers to him as his sole authority for this passage; yet it is upon Wodrow's pages that the dates and facts are to be found which contradict his deliberate and often-repeated assertion.

Lord Macaulay selects five instances of the crimes "by which the peasantry of the Western Lowlands were goaded into madness." An ordinary reader would certainly infer from his language that Claverhouse was concerned in all these instances, and would be somewhat surprised, after perusing Lord Macaulay's narrative, to find, on turning to his authority, that in three out of the five cases Claverhouse had no share whatever, and that in a fourth he acted the part of an intercessor for mercy, and exerted himself in vain to save the life of the victim. In the most cruel of all—that of Margaret Macleachlan and Margaret Wilson—we find, on referring to Wodrow, that a Colonel Graham was concerned, but it was Colonel David Graham, the sheriff of Wigtownshire, not Colonel John Grahame of Claverhouse.‡ Lord Macaulay might as well have confounded David Hume with Joseph Hume, or, as he did upon another occasion, Patrick Graham of the Town Guard with the hero of Killiecrankie, or George Penne with the founder of Pennsylvania. Even in this case, cruel and atrocious as it was, Lord Macaulay misquotes his authorities. He asserts that these unhappy women "suffered death for their religion." Wodrow and Crookshank, on the contrary, distinctly state that they were indicted and convicted for being in open rebellion at Bothwell Bridge and Aird's Moss. Lord Macaulay also omits to mention what is stated by the historians he refers to, namely, that upon the case being brought to the notice of the Council, the prisoners were respited, and a pardon recommended, but that the execution was hurried on by the brutality of Major Windram and the Laird of Lagg.§

In the case of Andrew Hislop, Lord Macaulay says that the Laird of Westerhall having discovered that one of the proscribed Covenanters had found shelter in the house of a respectable widow, and had died there, "pulled down the house of the poor woman, carried away her furniture, and, leaving her and her younger children to wander in the fields, dragged her son Andrew, who was still a lad, before Claverhouse, who happened to be marching through that part of the country."¶

For this Lord Macaulay cites Wodrow, but Wodrow's story is exactly the reverse. It was not Westerhall that brought Hislop a prisoner before Claverhouse, but Claverhouse that brought him before Westerhall, who, it is evident from the whole narrative, at that time possessed an authority superior to that of Claverhouse. Wodrow, after narrating the barbarous expulsion of the widow and her children, *Andrew inclusive*, by Westerhall, proceeds thus:—"When they were thus forced to wander, Claverhouse falls upon Andrew Hislop in the fields, May 10, and seized him, *without any design, as appeared, to murder him, bringing him prisoner with him to Eskdale unto Westerraw that night.*"‡

Wodrow adds: "Claverhouse in this instance was very backward, perhaps not wanting his own reflections upon John Brown's murder the first of this month, as we have heard, and pressed the delay of the execution. But Westerraw urged till the other yielded, saying, '*The blood of this poor man be upon you, Westerraw; I am free of it.*'"†

This is the story as told by the bitterest enemy of Claverhouse. It is impossible for any one who looks at it with the slightest candor, or desire to discern the truth, not to perceive that the influence of Claverhouse was exercised on the side of humanity and mercy. Why does Lord Macaulay, whose narrative so frequently, without any authority whatever, assumes the dramatic form, in this instance suppress the words of Claverhouse, graphically recorded both by Wodrow and Crookshank, "*The blood of this poor man be upon you, Westerraw; I am free of it?*"

We now come to the only authority (except vulgar tradition) that Lord Macaulay has given for his character of Claverhouse. It is the often repeated story of "John Brown, the Christian Carrier." Immediately upon the appearance of the first volume of Lord Macaulay's *History*, Professor Aytoun challenged the correctness of his picture of Claverhouse, and in a note to his noble and spirit-stirring "Burial-March of Dundee,"

* Wodrow, i. 480, fol.

† Napier, *Memoirs of Dundee*, 185.

‡ Wodrow, ii. 505; Crookshank, ii. 386.

§ Ibid.

* Macaulay, ii. 76, ed. 1858.

† Wodrow, ii. 507.

‡ Ibid.

exposed, by means of the most accurate reasoning and the most conclusive evidence, the errors into which the historian had fallen. It is much to be regretted that Lord Macaulay, who availed himself of the corrections of the Professor upon some minor points, did not exercise the same discretion on this more important matter. The picture of Claverhouse, and the story of John Brown, have reappeared unaltered in each successive edition that has issued from the press. We quote from the one published in 1858:—

"John Brown, a poor carrier of Lanarkshire, was, for his singular piety, commonly called the Christian carrier. Many years later, when Scotland enjoyed rest, prosperity, and religious freedom, old men, who remembered the evil days, described him as one versed in divine things, blameless in life, and so peaceable that the tyrants could find no offence in him, except that he absented himself from the public worship of the Episcopalians. On the first of May he was cutting turf, when he was seized by Claverhouse's dragoons, rapidly examined, convicted of nonconformity, and sentenced to death. It is said that, even among the soldiers, it was not easy to find an executioner. For the wife of the poor man was present; she led one little child by the hand: it was easy to see that she was about to give birth to another; and even those wild and hard-hearted men, who nicknamed one another Beelzebub and Apollyon, shrank from the great wickedness of butchering her husband before her face. The prisoner, meanwhile, raised above himself by the near prospect of eternity, prayed loud and fervently, as one inspired, till Claverhouse, in a fury, shot him dead. It was reported by credible witnesses that the widow cried out in her agony, 'Well, sir, well, the day of reckoning will come;' and that the murderer replied, 'To man I can answer for what I have done, and as for God, I will take him into mine own hand.' Yet it was rumored that even on his seared conscience and adamant heart the dying ejaculations of his victim made an impression which was never effaced."*

This story of John Brown affords a curious example of the mode in which calumnies are propagated and grow; and at the risk of some repetition of what has already been so well done by Professor Aytoun, we shall proceed to trace the falsehood to its source.

Lord Macaulay cites as his authority "Wodrow, iii. ix. 6." But though following him in the main, Lord Macaulay seems to have been conscious that Wodrow's narrative would not bear the test of critical examination.

Wodrow asserts that the soldiers were melted and moved by the "scriptural expressions and grace of prayer" of John Brown, and mutinied, refusing to execute the commands of their officer. This seems

to have been too gross and palpable an improbability for Lord Macaulay, who represents them as merely moved by the natural feeling of compassion for the unhappy wife—more probable, certainly, but not the tale told by Wodrow. Again, Lord Macaulay asserts that Claverhouse shot John Brown dead in a fit of passion, excited by his loud and fervent prayers. This is Lord Macaulay, "pur et simple." Wodrow's statement is very different. He asserts that "not one of the soldiers would shoot him, or obey Claverhouse's commands, so that he was forced to turn executioner himself, and in a fret shot him with his own hand."* Wodrow asserts positively the refusal of the soldiers, and attributes the act of Claverhouse to that refusal. Lord Macaulay confines his statement to a natural reluctance on the part of the soldiers, and attributes the act of Claverhouse to a sudden gust of brutal and furious passion. It is painful to observe, and difficult to believe, the extent to which Lord Macaulay has considered himself entitled to garble, alter, and pervert the authorities he quotes; and it is strange that he should have adopted, upon the sole authority of Wodrow, a story which he yet appears to have felt to be so grossly improbable, that he could not produce it until he had pruned down some of its most extravagant features.

Wodrow's narrative first appeared in 1721—thirty-six years after the event is supposed to have taken place, and thirty-three after the Revolution. Professor Aytoun justly remarks that—

"These dates are of the utmost importance in considering a matter of this kind. The Episcopalian party which adhered to the cause of King James was driven from power at the Revolution, and the Episcopal Church proscribed. No mercy was shown to opponents in the literary war which followed. Every species of invective and vituperation was lavished upon the supporters of the fallen dynasty. Yet for thirty-three years after the Revolution, the details of this atrocious murder were never revealed to the public."†

Wodrow gives no authority whatever for his narrative. But there is another historian, Patrick Walker the packman, who, two years after the appearance of Wodrow's *History*, namely, in 1724, gave a very different, and in many respects a contradictory, account of the same transaction.

Professor Aytoun, with rather an excess of candor, says that "Mr. Macaulay may not have known that such testimony ever existed, for even the most painstaking historian is sure to pass over some material in so wide a field." True, but Lord Macaulay

* Wodrow, B. iii., ch. ix.

† *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, App. p. 334.

* Macaulay, ii. 74.

can hardly be supposed to have been unaware of the existence of a story which Sir Walter Scott has twice repeated at full length; first in the notes to the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; * and, secondly, in the *Tales of a Grandfather*,† in both cases citing Walker's *Life of Peden* as his authority. But besides this there is other evidence of the falsehood of Wodrow, which it is difficult to account for Lord Macaulay having overlooked.

In 1749 the Rev. William Crookshank published his *History of the State and Sufferings of the Church of Scotland*. In the preface he says—

"When I first engaged in this undertaking, I only intended to abridge Mr. Wodrow's *History*; but by the advice of friends I was induced to use other helps for making the history of this persecuting period more clear and full. Accordingly, when I mention any thing not to be found in Wodrow, I generally tell my author, or quote him in the margin; so that though *there is nothing I thought material in that author which I have omitted*, yet the reader will find many things of consequence in the following work which the other takes no notice of." ‡

When Crookshank arrives at that part of his *History* which relates to John Brown, he abandons Wodrow altogether, and adopts Walker's narrative, citing him in the margin as his authority. Here, then, we find Wodrow contradicted by the contemporary authority of Walker; Crookshank, the disciple and follower of Wodrow, confirming that contradiction, and feeling himself obliged to discard his master's story; Sir Walter Scott casting the weight of his authority into the same scale; and yet Lord Macaulay, with all this evidence before him, added to the gross improbability of the tale itself, reproduces Wodrow's story in edition after edition, with certain alterations purely his own, and calls it history.

Walker hated Claverhouse with a hatred fully as bitter as that of Wodrow; he cannot, therefore, be suspected of having suppressed or softened down any circumstance that could tell against him, or enhance the tragic nature of the scene. He states that he derived part, at least, of his account from the widow of the murdered man; the testimony he relies upon is therefore that most hostile to Claverhouse. Walker was a contemporary of Wodrow, though many years older, and had borne a part in the troubled times to which the *History* of the latter relates. In 1682 he shot a dragoon who attempted to capture him. According to Walker's own account, he and two of his

comrades, returning from a nightly meeting armed with firearms, were pursued by one Francis Garden, a trooper in Lord Airley's regiment, alone, and armed only with his sword. How he intended to capture his prisoners, unless after the Irish fashion of "surrounding" them, does not very clearly appear. The result, however, was, that Walker shot him through the head. Writing more than thirty years after the event, and when, according to Lord Macaulay, "Scotland enjoyed rest, prosperity, and religious freedom," he says—"When I saw his blood run, I wished that all the blood of the Lord's stated and avowed enemies in Scotland had been in his veins: having such a clear call and opportunity, *I would have rejoiced to have seen it all gone out with a gush.*" *

We may therefore feel well assured that nothing which could be told against such a "stated and avowed enemy of the Lord" as Claverhouse, would be omitted by Walker; and it should at least throw a doubt on the veracity of Wodrow, when we find so zealous a Covenanter denouncing his *History* as a collection of "lies and groundless stories."

Walker's *Life of Peden* first appeared in 1724, three years after the publication of Wodrow's *History*. It is still widely circulated and extremely popular amongst the peasants of Scotland, and has been frequently reprinted up to the present time in the form of a chap-book. That even this account, though more trustworthy than that of Wodrow, is not to be received with implicit confidence, will, we think, be admitted, when it is observed that the story is first revealed in a miraculous manner to the inspired Mr. Peden, or as he commonly calls himself, "Old Sandy." On the morning of John Brown's death, Peden was at a house about ten or eleven miles distant.

"Betwixt seven and eight he desired to call in the family that he might pray among them. He said 'Lord when wilt thou avenge Brown's blood? Oh, let Brown's blood be precious in thy sight, and hasten the day when thou'lt avenge it with Cameron's, Cargill's, and many other of our martyr's names. And oh for that day when the Lord would avenge all their bloods!' When ended, John Muirhead inquired what he meant by Brown's blood? He said twice over, 'What do I mean? Claverhouse has been at the Presbiterial this morning, and has cruelly murdered John Brown. His corpse is lying at the end of his house, and his poor wife sitting weeping by his corpse, and not a soul to speak comfortably to her. This morning, after the sun-rising, I saw a strange apparition in the firmament, the appearance of a very bright, clear, shining star fall from heaven to earth; and, indeed, there is

* Note to the "Battle of Bothwell Brig."

† *History of Scotland*, chap. lii.

‡ Crookshank, Preface, xix.

* *Life of Peden*.

a clear, shining light fallen this day, the greatest Christian that ever I conversed with."

Walker's narrative of the death of Brown is as follows. Between five and six in the morning, he says—

"The said John Brown having performed the worship of God in his family, was going, with a spade in his hand, to make ready some peat ground. The mist being very dark, he knew not until cruel and bloody Claverhouse compassed him with three troops of horse, brought him to his house, and there examined him; who, though he was a man of a stammering speech, yet answered him distinctly and solidly, which made Claverhouse to examine those whom he had taken to be his guides through the muirs, if ever they heard him preach? They answered, 'No, no; he was never a preacher.' He said, 'if he has never preached, meikle he has prayed in his time.' He said to John, 'Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die.' When he was praying, Claverhouse interrupted him three times; one time that he stopt him, he was pleading that the Lord would spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of his anger. Claverhouse said, 'I gave you time to pray, and ye are begun to preach.' He turned upon his knees and said, 'Sir, you know neither the nature of preaching or praying, that calls this preaching.' Then continued without confusion. When ended, Claverhouse said, 'Take good-night of your wife and children.' His wife, standing by with her child in her arms that she had brought forth to him, and another child of his first wife's, he came to her and said, 'Now, Marian, the day is come that I told you would come, when I spake first to you of marrying me.' She said, 'Indeed, John, I can willingly part with you.' 'Then,' he said, 'this is all I desire; I have no more to do but die.' He kissed his wife and bairns, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be multiplied upon them, and his blessing. Claverhouse ordered six soldiers to shoot him. The most part of the bullets came upon his head, which scattered his brains upon the ground. Claverhouse said to his wife, 'What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?' She said, 'I thought ever much of him, and now as much as ever.' He said, 'It were but justice to lay thee beside him.' She said, 'If you were permitted I doubt not but your cruelty would go that length; but how will ye make answer for this morning's work?' He said, 'To man I can be answerable, and for God, I will take him in my own hand.' Claverhouse mounted his horse, and marched, and left her with the corpse of her dead husband lying there; she set the bairn on the ground, and gathered his brains, and tied up his head, and straightened his body, and covered him in her plaid, and sat down and wept over him. It being a very desert place, where never victual grew, and far from neighbors, it was some time before any friends came to her. The first that came was a very fit hand, that old singular Christian woman in the Cumberhead, named Elizabeth Menzies, three miles distant, who had

been tried with the violent death of her husband at Pentland, afterwards of two worthy sons—Thomas Weir who was killed at Drumelglo, and David Steel who was suddenly shot afterwards when taken. The said Marian Weir, sitting upon her husband's grave, told me, that before that she could see no blood but she was in danger to faint, and yet she was helped to be a witness to all this without either fainting or confusion; except when the shots were let off, her eyes dazzled."

That this wild, picturesque, and touching story should have taken strong hold on the poetical imagination and kind heart of Sir Walter Scott, can be no matter of surprise to any one. That it did so, is shown, not only by his frequent reference to it, but by the mode in which his genius has interwoven some of the most affecting incidents into the beautiful episode of Bessie Maclure.* But the historian had a far different task from that of the novelist. His duty was to compare the two narrations, and to examine how much of either should be admitted as trustworthy evidence. That Walker's testimony is sufficient to convict Wodrow of falsehood in asserting that the soldiers mutinied, and that Claverhouse was himself the executioner of John Brown, is abundantly clear. Walker's informant was the widow of John Brown, an eyewitness of the transaction, and most hostile to Claverhouse. She told the story "sitting on her husband's grave." To suppose that she could have omitted such a circumstance as that her husband's eloquence had moved the hearts of the soldiers to mutiny, and compelled their commander to take upon himself the revolting office of an executioner, would be absurd. Nor is this all. We find the circumstances of his death narrated with the utmost particularity, no doubt by the widow herself, and there is not from beginning to end a hint that the soldiers shrank from executing the commands of their officer. But when we come to the adjuncts of the story, to the conversation, to the particular expressions supposed to have been used by Claverhouse, to his imputed "obduracy and profanity," his "seared conscience and adamant heart," the question assumes a very different aspect.

The poetical power of Walker's mind was of no mean order. As Sir Walter Scott observes, his "simple but affecting narrative," and his "imitation of scriptural style, produces in some passages an effect not unlike what we feel in reading the beautiful Book of Ruth."† The narrative constantly runs into the form of dialogue. Every one knows, and none better than those who have read Lord Macaulay's *History* with care, how

* *Old Mortality*, chap. vi.

† *Minstrelsy*, App. A.

dangerous the dramatic talent is to a historian. In the majority of instances, even in Lord Macaulay's own *History*, when we have had occasion to test the accuracy of passages which he has inclosed between inverted commas, as being the very words of the speaker, we have found them incorrectly quoted.* It seems in the highest degree improbable that an illiterate woman, such as Marion Brown, should be able, after many years, accurately to repeat the particular words which passed during such a scene of horror as, under any circumstances, the death of John Brown must have been. There are, besides, inconsistencies and mistakes in the narrative which are easily detected: Thus, the neighbor who visits the widow in her affliction is, in one copy of the *Life*, Elizabeth Menzies, and in another, Jean Brown, whilst she is still represented as the mother of Thomas Weir and David Steel, the latter of whom is said to have been "suddenly shot when taken." We know, however, that so far from this being the fact, David Steele was neither taken nor shot, but fell beneath the broadswords of the dragoons in a fray, during which they attempted to capture him.†

We may, therefore, fairly take Walker's account as trustworthy, for the fact that John Brown fell by the carbines of the soldiers, acting under the orders of Claverhouse; but

for any thing beyond that fact, his testimony must be received with caution. Military executions are, under any circumstances, sufficiently horrible: they are peculiarly so when they take place during a civil war. But, before we come to any conclusion upon the conduct of Claverhouse in this instance, we must inquire, first, what was the temper of the times, and what manner of men he had to deal with; and, secondly, what were the particular circumstances of the individual case. With regard to the first, we will content ourselves with three instances, and they shall all be of the most notorious kind, and proved by the most unexceptionable evidence.

On the 3d of May, 1679, David Hackston of Rathillet, John Balfour of Kinloch, and seven others, some of whom were gentlemen of good family, set forth, mounted and armed, for the purpose of waylaying and murdering one Carmichael, sheriff-depute of the county of Fife,‡ who was obnoxious to the Covenanters, and whom they expected to find hunting in the neighborhood of Scotstarbet. Carmichael was, however, warned of his danger by a shepherd, and escaped. After spending the greater part of the morning in a fruitless search, Rathillet and his party were about to disperse, when a boy came up and informed them that the Arch-

* The following are a few instances, taken almost at random:—

ORIGINAL.

"He [i.e., Claverhouse] told Keppoch in the presence of all the officers of his small army, that he would much rather choose to serve as a common soldier amongst disciplined troops, than command such men as he, who seemed to make it his business to draw the odium of the country upon him. . . . He begged that he would immediately begone with his men, that he might not hereafter have an opportunity of affronting the general at his pleasure, or of making him and the better-disposed troops a cover to his robberies."—*Memoirs of Lochiel*, 243.

"When it was objected that he [i.e., Glengarry] would not be able to make it good, since his followers were not near equal to Lochiel's in numbers, he answered that the courage of his men would make up that defect."—*Memoirs of Lochiel*, 254.

"The Lords replied, 'Nay, we all well remember you particularly mentioned the flower-pots.'"
—*Sprat's Narrative*, 70.

"*Lord President.*—Young, thou art the strangest creature that ever I did hear of. Dost thou think we could imagine that the Bishop of Rochester would combine." etc.—*Sprat's Narrative*, 71.

"I left him praying God to give him grace to repent; and only adding that else he was more in danger of his own damnation than I of his accusation in Parliament."—*Ibid.*, second part, p. 3.

The actual meaning may not be much altered in these examples, but it is not Claverhouse, Glengarry, Carmarthen, or Sprat that speaks, but Lord Macaulay, and a slight change of phraseology converts a dignified remonstrance into a brutal insult, and a pious exhortation into something very like a vulgar oath, and that, too, put into the mouth of a bishop! Lord Macaulay's inverted commas are always to be regarded with extreme caution.

† Crighton's *Memoirs*.

LORD MACAULAY.

"'I would rather,' he said, 'carry a musket in a respectable regiment, than be captain of such a gang of thieves.'"—Macaulay, iii. 340.

"When he was reminded that Lochiel's followers were in number nearly double of the Glengarry men—'No matter,' he cried, 'one McDonald is worth two Camerons.'"—Macaulay, iii. 341.

"Then the whole board broke forth, 'How dare you say so? We all remember it.'"—Macaulay, iv. 252.

"'Man,' cried Carmarthen, 'wouldst thou have us believe that the bishop combined,' etc.

"'God give you repentance,' answered the bishop: 'for, depend upon it, you are in much more danger of being damned, than I of being impeached.'"—Macaulay, iv. 253.

‡ Wodrow, ii. 27.

bishop's coach was in a neighboring village and that he would soon pass near the spot where they then were. Disappointed of their intended victim chance thus threw in their way one who was even more the object of their hatred. It was true that there was no recent or immediate cause for exasperation against Sharpe, but he was an apostate,—he had abandoned Presbyterianism for Episcopacy seventeen years before,—he was an archbishop,—he had already once narrowly escaped the pistol of an assassin, the shot which was intended for him having taken effect upon his friend, the Bishop of Orkney,—he was known to have shown little mercy towards those who had shown none to him,—he was old, unarmed, utterly defenceless, accompanied by no one but his daughter and some domestic servants, who were wholly unable to offer any effectual resistance to nine men well armed and mounted. The temptation was too strong to be resisted. Rathillet and his party had come out expressly to commit murder. Their appetite for crime was sharpened by disappointment, when the victim they had least hoped, but most desired to immolate, presented himself ready for slaughter. Their resolution was immediately taken: the pistols which had been loaded, and the swords which had been sharpened for the murder of Carmichael, were turned against the archbishop, and they spurred their horses to their utmost speed after the carriage. The coachman, alarmed at their pursuit, quickened his pace, and the archbishop, looking out, and seeing armed men approaching, turned to his daughter and exclaimed, "Lord have mercy upon me, my poor child, for I am gone!" He had scarcely spoken when three or four pistols were fired at the coach, and the best mounted of the pursuers, riding up to the postillion, struck him over the face with his sword, and shot and hamstring his horse. The coach being thus stopped the assailants fired into it upon the archbishop and his daughter, and this time with more effect, for the former was wounded. The archbishop opened the door, came out of the coach, and begged the assailants to spare his life. "There is no mercy," they replied, "for a Judas, an enemy and traitor to the cause of Christ." He then begged for mercy for his child. The details of the butchery are too revolting to be repeated.* One of the murderers even

exclaimed in horror to his comrades, to "spare those gray hairs." The daughter threw herself before her father, and received two wounds in a fruitless attempt to save him. When their bloody work was done, the murderers remounted their horses and left her on the moor with the mutilated body of her father.*

Such was the murder of Archbishop Sharpe. It is recorded by Shields, who, we are told by Wodrow, was "a minister of extraordinary talents and usefulness, well seen in most branches of valuable learning; of a most quick and piercing wit, full of zeal and public spirit; of shining and solid piety; a successful, serious, and solid preacher, and useful minister in the Church, moved with love to souls, and somewhat of the old apostolic spirit,"† in the following words:—"That truculent traitor, James Sharpe, the arch-prelate, etc., received the just demerit of his perfidy, apostacy, sorceries, villainies, and murders—sharp arrows of the mighty and coals of juniper. For, upon the 3d of May, 1679, several worthy gentlemen, with some other men of courage and zeal for the cause of God and the good of the country, executed righteous judgment upon him in Magus Muir, near St. Andrews."‡ At the same time, Hackston, of Rathillet is commemorated as a "worthy gentleman who suffered at Edinburgh on the 30th of July, 1680," one of a "cloud of witnesses for the royal prerogatives of Jesus Christ!" Such is the language in which the fact that this infamous murderer was hanged is recorded by the historians of the Covenant! Something of the same spirit seems still to survive. A recent historian of the Church of Scotland says, after giving an account of the archbishop's murder, "It was such a deed as Greece celebrated with loudest praises in the case of Harmodius and Aristogiton, and Rome extolled when done by Cassius and Brutus."‡

The skirmish at Drumclog, immortalized in *Old Mortality*, took place on the 1st of face as if he had been dead, and James Russell, hearing his daughter say to Wallace [the Archbishop's servant] that there was life in him yet, in the time James was disarming the rest of the bishop's men, went presently to him, and cast off his hat, for it would not cut at first, and haked his head in pieces. Having done this his daughter came to him and cursed him, and called him a bloody murderer; and James answered, they were not murderers, for they were sent to execute God's vengeance on him."—*James Russell's Account of the Murder of Archbishop Sharpe*; Kirkton, 418.

* See *State Trials*, x. 791; Wodrow: *Russell's Narrative*, Kirkton; *Sir Wm. Sharp's Letter*, Kirkton, App.

† Wodrow, iv. 233.

‡ *Hind Let Loose*.

* James Russell, one of the murderers, gives the following account of the final act of the tragedy: "Falling upon his knees, he said, 'For God's sake, save my life;' and his daughter, falling upon her knees, begged his life also. . . . John Balfour stroke him on the face, and Andrew Henderson stroke him on the hand, and cut it, and John Balfour rode him down; whereupon he, lying upon his

§ *Hetherington's History of the Church of Scotland*, 94, as to Sharpe's murder.

June, 1679, within a month after the archbishop's murder. The insurgents were commanded by Robert Hamilton, a near connection and pupil of Bishop Burnett. Following the example of the Covenanters at Tippermuir, whose watchword was "Jesus and no quarter," he gave, as he himself informs us, strict orders, that "no quarter should be given." * These orders, were, however, disobeyed during his absence, and five prisoners were spared. Hamilton, returning from the pursuit of Claverhouse, found his followers debating whether mercy should be shown to a sixth, when he put an end to the argument by slaughtering the unhappy prisoner in cold blood with his own hand. Seven years afterwards we find him exulting in the act. "None could blame me," he says, "*to decide the controversy, and I bless the Lord for it to this day!*" This was the man whom Lord Macaulay has truly designated as "the oracle of the Extreme Covenanters," and justly denounced as a "*bloodthirsty ruffian*." † That his conduct met with the sympathy and approval of his followers, is shown by the fact that we find him still in command of the insurgent forces under the title of *General* Hamilton, at the battle of Bothwell Brig, in conjunction with Hackston of Rathillet, the murderer of the archbishop. The banner which floated over their heads is still in existence, ‡ and, after the desecrated motto, "For Christ and his Truths," bears, in blood-red letters, the words, "No Quarter for the Active Enemies of the Covenant." Reckoning upon certain victory, these champions of the Prince of Peace, had erected upon the battle-field a high gallows, and prepared a cartload of new ropes, in order that there might be no more such "steppings aside" as had occurred when the five prisoners were spared at Drumclog. It is somewhat inconsistent with the supposed ferocity of the commanders of the royalist troops that these preparations were not turned against the insurgents upon their defeat. ‡

Such were the leaders of the Covenanters—men of rank, station, and education. As may well be supposed, their example was not thrown away upon their more humble and ignorant followers. Of the numberless outrages committed by them, we will select one only, and narrate the facts as they came from the mouths of the perpetrators of the crime.

Peter Peirson, the curate of Carsphairn, was a bold and determined man, and had

the courage to reside alone, without even a servant, in the solitary manse belonging to that parish. His offence consisted in being suspected of favoring "popery, papists, and purgatory," and in having been heard to declare that "he feared none of the Whigs, nor any thing else, but rats and mice." On this provocation, James M'Michael and three others, one night in the middle of November, 1684, went to the manse, knocked at the door, and upon its being opened by Mr. Peirson, immediately shot him dead on his own threshold.*

Instances of the most cold-blooded murder might be multiplied by thousands. But we must now consider the second question, and inquire, what were the circumstances, and what the conduct, of Claverhouse in the particular case of John Brown. Lord Macaulay's assertion that he was sentenced to death because he was "convicted of nonconformity" is pure invention. Neither Wodrow nor Walker assign any cause; the former, indeed, expressly says, "Whether he [Claverhouse] had got any information of John's piety and nonconformity, *I cannot tell*;" and we shall presently see that Lord Macaulay might just as truly have said that John Thurtel was hanged for reading *Bell's Life in London*.

John Brown was a "fugitated rebel." His name appears a year before in a list appended to a proclamation of those who had been cited as rebels in arms, or rather of rebels who had not appeared.† Sir Walter Scott says, with perfect truth, "While we read this dismal story, we must remember Brown's situation was that of an *avowed and determined rebel, liable as such to military execution*." What then does Lord Macaulay mean by asserting that "he was blameless in life, and so peaceable that the tyrants could find no offence in him, except that he absented himself from the public worship of the Episcopalians?" That he was blameless and peaceable in the eyes of those who regarded Hackston of Rathillet as "one of Sion's precious mourners and faithful witnesses of Christ, a valiant and much-honored gentleman," who shouted "Jesus and no quarter!" at Tippermuir—who felt that they had forfeited the favor of God because they had abstained from "dashing the brains of the brats of Babel against the stones" at Drumclog—who fought under the "bluidy banner," and prepared the gibbet and the new ropes at Bothwell Brig—we can readily understand. But that any historian should be

* Hamilton's *Letter to the Sectaries*—Dec. 7, 1685.

† Nap., *Memoirs of Dundee*, 228.

‡ Crichton's *Memoirs*.

* Wodrow, vol. ii. p. 467.

† Wodrow, App. vol. ii. p. 110. The entry is as follows: "Muirkirk, John Brown of Priestfield, for Reset."

found, in the middle of the nineteenth century, deliberately to adopt such a statement, we confess fills us with surprise.

Yet such, unhappily, is the fact. Year after year, and edition after edition, Lord Macaulay has given the trash of Wodrow to the public, backed by his own high authority. It was in vain that Professor Aytoun laid before him the evidence which proved, in the most conclusive manner, that Wodrow was contradicted by contemporary authorities,—that even by his own party his *History* was denounced as a collection of “lies and groundless stories.” It was in vain that his attention was directed to the fact that Sir Walter Scott, though himself adopting a view by no means favorable of the character of Claverhouse, rejected the story told by Wodrow, and adopted that told by Walker, and had distinctly pointed out the fact that John Brown was an avowed rebel, amenable to the law, such as it then was—that the assertion that he was “convicted of nonconformity,” and had committed no offence except that he absented himself from the public worship of the Episcopalians,” was not only unsupported by any evidence whatever, but betrayed a want of knowledge of the state of Scotland at the time. Still the story of the Christian carrier appeared over and over again without even a note or a hint from which the reader could surmise that its authenticity had ever been even questioned. It appeared as the sole evidence on which Lord Macaulay relied for painting Claverhouse with the features of a fiend, and bestowing upon him the nickname of “The Chief of Tophet!”

So the matter stood at the time of the appearance of the last edition of Lord Macaulay's *History*. Within the last year, however, a valuable addition has been made to the materials previously before the world for the history of that period of Scottish annals. The Queensberry Papers, preserved among the archives of the Buccleuch family, have been examined, and amongst the extracts from those valuable documents which have been recently published by Mr. Mark Napier, in his *Memoirs of Dundee*, is the original despatch which Claverhouse sent to the Duke of Queensberry, then the high treasurer of Scotland and head of the government, on the 3rd of May, 1685, giving an account of the execution of John Brown only two days after the event. One might almost fancy that the spirit of the hero had been awakened from its slumbers by the sound of the only voice whose slanders he deigned to answer:—

“May it please your Grace,—On Friday last, amongst the hills betwixt Douglas and the

Ploughlands, we pursued two fellows a great way through the mosses, and in the end seized them. They had no arms about them, and denied they had any. But being asked if they would take the abjuration, the eldest of the two, called John Brown, refused it; nor would he swear not to rise in arms against the king, but said he knew no king. Upon which, and there being found bullets and match in his house, and treasonable papers, I caused shoot him dead; which he suffered very unconcernedly. The other, a young fellow and his nephew, called John Brownen, offered to take the oath; but would not swear that he had not been at Newmills in arms, at rescuing the prisoners. So I did not know what to do with him; I was convinced that he was guilty, but saw not how to proceed against him. Wherefore, after he had said his prayers, and carabines presented to shoot him, I offered to him, that if he would make an ingenuous confession, and make a discovery that might be of any importance for the king's service, I should delay putting him to death, and plead for him. Upon which he confessed that he was at that attack of Newmills, and that he had come straight to this house of his uncle's on Sunday morning. In the time he was making this confession the soldiers found out a house in the hill, under ground, that could hold a dozen of men, and there were swords and pistols in it; and this fellow declared that they belonged to his uncle, and that he had lurked in that place ever since Bothwell, where he was in arms. He confessed that he had a halbert, and told who gave it him about a month ago, and we have the fellow prisoner. . . . I have acquitted myself when I have told your grace the case. He has been but a month or two with his halbert; and if your grace thinks he deserves no mercy, justice will pass on him: for I, having no commission of justiciary myself, have delivered him up to the lieutenant-general, to be disposed of as he pleases.

“I am, my lord, your Grace's most humble servant,

“J. GRAHAME.” *

It must not be supposed that the abjuration oath here referred to had any thing whatever to do with the religious tenets of the person to whom it was administered. As misconception upon this point is not uncommon, and as that misconception may possibly have led to Lord Macaulay's assertion that Brown was “convicted of nonconformity,” it may be well to examine what the Oath of Abjuration was, and to inquire into its history.

On the 28th of October, 1684, a declaration was published by the Covenanters, and affixed very generally upon the church-doors and other public places, “disowning the authority of Charles Stuart, and all authority depending upon him; † declaring war against him and his accomplices, such as lay out themselves to promote his wicked and hellish

* Napier's *Memoirs of Dundee*.

† Wodrow, ii. App. 137.

designs"—denouncing all bloody counselors, justiciaries, generals, captains, all in civil or military power, bloody militiamen, malicious troopers, soldiers, and dragoons, viperous and malicious bishops and curates, and all witnesses who should appear in any courts, as enemies to God, to be punished as such. This was met by the government by a proclamation denouncing the penalty of death against all who should not renounce the declaration, and prescribing the following form of oath to be taken by all persons who should be required to do so by any lawful authority:—

"I, A. B., do hereby abhor, renounce, and disown, in the presence of the Almighty God, the pretended declaration of war lately affixed at several parish churches, in so far as it declares a war against his sacred majesty, and asserts that it is lawful to kill such as serve his majesty in church, state, army, or country." *

This oath being taken, a certificate was to be delivered to the party taking it, which was to operate as a free pass and protection. Of the treasonable nature of the declaration it is impossible to entertain a doubt, and the refusal to take the Oath of Abjuration was, in fact, precisely equivalent to a plea of guilty to an indictment for high treason. The proceeding, it is true, was summary, and liable to abuse. The law was harsh; but the country was in open rebellion, and Claverhouse was no more censurable for carrying the laws into execution, than a judge would be who should sentence to death a person who pleaded guilty at the bar of the Old Bailey. Here, then, we arrive at last at the true history of John Brown, the Christian carrier, the man represented by Lord Macaulay as of "singular piety, versed in divine things, blameless in life, and so peaceable that even the tyrants could find no fault with him, except that he absented himself from the public worship of the Episcopalians." His peaceableness was shown by his being in arms at Bothwell; his piety by shouting, "No quarter for the enemies of the Covenant"—by rallying round the gibbet and the ropes prepared for the "bloody militiamen and malignant troopers," over whom the Lord would have given his chosen people an easy victory, but for their "stepping aside" in sparing the five "brats of Babel" at Drumclog—and by providing a secure hiding place for men and arms, to be used for future slaughter.

Rebellion is a dangerous and desperate game, which, as has often been remarked, requires success to justify it, not unlike the sport which, "the story runs," a certain English traveller in the south of France de-

clined to share, in words memorable for good sense and bad French,—"*Je n'aime pas la chasse au loup parceque, si vous ne tuez pas le loup, le loup tue vous.*"

The Christian carrier played and lost. If he had won, he and his comrades would have hanged Claverhouse and his dragoons in cold blood, and gloried in the act; and it is rather unfair to canonize him because he met a more merciful death at the hands of those for whom he had prepared a gibbet and a halter.

It may perhaps be urged that the despatch of Claverhouse does not in terms negative the account given by Walker and Wodrow of the conversation between Claverhouse and the widow of John Brown. This is true; but it appears improbable that Claverhouse should have detailed with so much particularity what took place, and have noticed the unconcerned manner in which Brown met his fate, and yet have omitted all notice of so remarkable a scene, if it had, in fact, taken place. It is impossible that he could have passed over without observation any symptoms of mutiny, or even of unwillingness to execute his orders, on the part of his troops. Here, then, is a distinct contradiction to the most important part of Wodrow's story; and the total suppression by both Wodrow and Walker of all that relates to John Brownen, the nephew, to the discovery of the "bullets, match, and treasonable papers" in the house of John Brown, and of the place of concealment and arms in the "house in the hill under ground," throws the greatest possible suspicion on the rest of both narratives. The simple account given by Claverhouse, therefore, disposes at once of the absurd story of the dragoons having refused to obey orders, and renders the poetical and fanciful additions of both those very apocryphal writers, to say the least, highly improbable. The death of John Brown was simply a military execution. He might be sincere and honest—so was Thistlewood; he might be bold, and meet death unconcernedly—so did Brunt. John Brown was a fanatic of the same class. His courage was upheld by religious and political enthusiasm. He was one of thousands who, in those days, were equally prepared to commit the most savage atrocities, or to endure the most terrible extremities, secure, as they thought, of the approbation of the God of mercy, of the crown of martyrdom, and the joys of paradise.

Whether the oppressions of the government justified the rebellion of the Covenanters, or whether the outrages committed by the Covenanters justified the severities of the government, are matters which we are not now called upon to discuss. They in no de-

* Wodrow, ii. App. 158.

gree affect the question as regards the character of Claverhouse. It would be as reasonable to hold Sir John Moore or Massena answerable for the justice and morality of their respective sides in the war of the Peninsula, as to hold Claverhouse responsible for the policy of the government he served.

We have bestowed so much space upon an examination of this particular charge that we have none left to follow Claverhouse through his gallant career to its brilliant close. We must content ourselves with one or two instances of his conduct during his command in the west, which seem to us wholly to disprove the view of his character taken by Lord Macaulay, and to remove the dark stains which Sir Walter Scott supposed to have existed.

In the early part of the year 1679, Claverhouse was stationed at Dumfries. Not Wellington himself could be more sedulous in suppressing outrage and maintaining discipline amongst his troops than we find this "chief of Tophet" to have been.

On the 6th of January he thus writes to the commander-in-chief:—

"On Saturday night when I came back here, the sergeant who commands the dragoons in the castle came to me; and while he was here, they came and told me there was a horse killed just by upon the street, by a shot from the castle. I went immediately and examined the guard, who denied point-blank that there had been any shot from thence. I went and heard the bailie take depositions of men that were looking on, who declared upon oath that they saw the shot from the guard-hall, and the horse immediately fall. I caused also search for the bullet in the horse's head, which was found to be of their calibre. After that I found it so clear, I caused seize upon him who was ordered by the sergeant in his absence to command the guard, and keep him prisoner till he find out the man, which I suppose will be found himself. His name is James Ramsay, an Angus-man, who has formerly been a lieutenant of horse, as I am informed. It is an ugly business; for, besides the wrong the poor man has got in losing his horse, it is extremely against military discipline to fire out of a guard. *I have appointed the poor man to be here to-morrow, and bring with him some neighbors to declare the worth of the horse; and have assured him to satisfy him, if the captain, who is to be here also to-morrow, refuse to do it.*"*

Again, he hears complaints that, before his command had commenced, some of the dragoons had taken free quarters in the neighborhood of Moffat; this, he remarks, was no charge against him, as the facts had occurred before he came into that part of the country, but he immediately institutes an inquiry. "I begged them," he says, "to forbear till

the captian and I should come there, *when they should be redressed in every thing.* Your lordship will be pleased not to take any notice of this till I have informed myself upon the place."* It is a curious illustration of the perversion of language and of diversity of character, that at the very time when that "worthy gentleman," Hackston of Rathillet, inspired by "zeal for the cause of God," was butchering the Archbishop on Magus Muir, "Bloody Claver'se" was delaying the march of his prisoners in consideration of the illness of one of them, a conventicle preacher of the name of Irwin. He thus writes to the commander-in-chief in the 21st April, 1679:—"I was going to have sent in the other prisoners, but amongst them there is one Mr. Francis Irwin, an old infirm man, who is extremely troubled with the gravel, so that I will be forced to delay for five or six days." He again apologizes for the delay, on the same ground, on the 6th of May, three days after the murder of the Archbishop. This man, so considerate of the sufferings of his prisoners, Lord Macaulay would fain have his readers believe to have been a "chief of Tophet, of violent temper and of *obdurate heart.*" The kindness of his disposition breaks out repeatedly in his correspondence. With the murder of Magus Muir, the slaughter of Drumclog, and the high gallows and new ropes of Bothwell fresh in his memory, he can yet write,—"*I am sorry to see a man die, even a Whig, as any of themselves; but when one dies justly, and for his own faults, and may save a hundred to fall in the like, I have no scruple.*"

Again, in 1682, he writes—

"The first thing I mind to do, is to fall to work with all that have been in the rebellion, or accessory thereto by giving men, money, or arms; and next, resettters; and after that, field conventicles. For what remains of the laws against the fanatics, *I will threaten much, but forbear severe execution for a while; for fear people should grow desperate, and increase too much the number of our enemies.*"

On the 1st of March, 1682, commenting upon what was occurring in other parts of the country, he says—

"The way that I see taken in other places is to put laws severely against great and small in execution, which is very just; but *what effects does that produce but to exasperate and alienate the hearts of the people?* For it renders three desperate where it gains one; and your lordship knows that in the greatest crimes it is thought wisest to pardon the multitude and punish the ringleaders, where the number of the guilty is great, as in this case of whole countries. Wherefore I have taken another course here."†

* Napier's *Memoirs of Dundee*.

* Napier, 122.

† Ibid. 130.

Writing at the end of the same year, and giving an account of his stewardship to the Privy Council, he thus reports the success of just and merciful experiment:—

"It may now be said that Galloway is not only as peaceable but as regular as any part of the country on this side Tay. And the rebels are reduced without blood, and the country brought to obedience and conformity to the Church government without severity or extortion; few heritors being fined, and that but gently, and under that none is or are to be fined but two or three in a parish; and the authority of the Church is restored in that country, and the ministers in safety. If there were bonds once taken of them for regularity hereafter, and some few were put in garrison, which may all be done in a few months, that country may be secure a long time both to King and Church."*

The biographer of Lochell has a passage which it would have been well if Lord Macaulay had considered before hazarding the charge of profanity against Claverhouse. Speaking of the high sense of honor and fidelity to his word by which Dundee was distinguished, he says—

That it proceeded from a principle of religion, whereof he was strictly observant; for besides family worship, performed regularly evening and morning in his house, he retired to his closet at certain hours, and employed himself in that duty. This I affirm upon the testimony of several that lived in his neighborhood in Edinburgh, where his office of privy councillor often obliged him to be; and particularly from a Presbyterian lady who lived long in the story or house immediately below his lordship's, and who was otherways so rigid in her opinions, that she could not believe a good thing of any person of his persuasion till his conduct rectified her mistake . . . His lordship continued the same course in the army; and though somewhat warm upon occasions in his temper, yet he never was heard to swear."†

The same writer thus sums up the character of Dundee:—

"He seemed formed by Heaven for great undertakings, and was, in an eminent degree, pos-

sessed of all those qualities that accomplish the gentleman, the statesman, and the soldier. . . . He was, in his private life, rather parsimonious than profuse, and observed an exact economy in his family. But in the king's service he was liberal and generous to every person but himself, and freely bestowed his own money in buying provisions to his army; and to sum up his character in two words, he was a good Christian, an indulgent husband, an accomplished gentleman, an honest statesman, and a brave soldier."*

Such is the portrait of Dundee, painted by the grandson and biographer of the heroic Cameron of Lochell, "the Ulysses of the Highlands," † a writer cotemporary with Wodrow, ‡ and to whom Lord Macaulay makes frequent reference. How happens it that he has overlooked the testimony of what he himself justly calls these "singularly interesting memoirs"? §

We are compelled, by want of further space, to terminate our remarks. We quit the subject with regret. The character of Dundee is one over which we would fain linger.

In days notorious for profligacy there was no stain on his domestic morality—in an age infamous for the almost universal treachery of its public men, his fidelity was pure and inviolate. His worst enemies have never denied him the possession of the most undaunted courage, and military genius of the highest order. He was generous, brave, and gentle,—a cavalier "sans peur et sans reproche;" and as long as the summer sun shall pour his evening ray though the dancing birch-trees and thick copsewood down to those dark pools where the clear brown waters of the Garry whirl in deep eddies round the footstool of Ben Vrackie, so long will every noble heart swell at the recollection of him whose spirit fled, with his fading beam, as he set on the last victory of "Ian dhu nan Cath,"—of him who died the death which the God of Battles reserves for his best and most favored sons, alike on sea or mountain, on the blue wave of Trafalgar, or the purple heather of Killiecrankie.

* Napier, 136.

† *Memoirs of Lochell*, 278, 279. It is a remarkable confirmation of this somewhat peculiar characteristic of Claverhouse, that Crookshank, who records the oaths of Westerraw, Lagg, and others, with peculiar *gusto*, never as far we have observed, attributes such expressions to Claverhouse.

* *Memoirs of Lochell*, 273-279.

† Mac. iii. 321.

‡ Wodrow's *History* was published in 1722. The *Memoirs of Lochell* were written some time before 1737. The exact date cannot be ascertained. See preface, p. xlix.

§ Mac. iii. 321.

From The National Magazine.

"LITTLE MRS. HAYNES."

BY MARGARET VERNE.

It was an eventful era in my young life, when my father announced his intention of renting the light, airy, southern chamber of our old brown house, to a young portrait-painter, who was about becoming a resident in our village during a few weeks of the summer. Never before had an event so stirring and exciting in its tendency broken over the monotony of my existence. Never before had my childish imagination been furnished with so wide a field of action, or my little heart throbbed and palpitated with such a strange mixture of wonder and delight. A portrait-painter under our own brown roof, within the walls of my own home!—what a rare chance for my inquisitive eyes to draw in a new fund of knowledge! What an object of envy I should be to my little mates, and how daintily would I mete out to them what I learned from day to day of the wondrous man of the wondrous employment!

I had heard of portrait-painters before, it is true, but only as I had heard and read of fairies in my little story-books, or listened to my father as he talked of kings and courtiers in the great world afar off. Upon our parlor walls from my earliest remembrance had hung portraits of my grandfathers and grandmothers, but I had no idea how their faces came stamped upon the dark canvass, or when or by whom their shadows had been fixed within the heavy gilt frames. Like the trees that waved by the door, and the lilies that blossomed every year by the old gate, they had to me always been so.

But now my eyes were to rest upon the face of one whose existence had been like a myth, a fable! What a wonderful personage he would be! What a dark visage he would boast, and what a monstrous giant-like form! How entirely unlike every person that I had ever seen or known, would be this portrait-painter.

While these speculations were at their height in my busy brain, the hero made his appearance, scattering them mercilessly to the four winds. There was nothing giant-like in the lithe, graceful figure that sprang from the village coach, or dark in the pleasant, boyish face, shaded by soft masses of brown hair, and lit up by a merry pair of blue eyes, running over with mirth and mischief. His name, too, quite like the generality of names, had nothing wonderful or striking by which to characterize it. He was simply Frank Haynes, nothing more or less, and when, with a pleasant, easy grace, he sought to win my childish favor, I should have been quite at home, had not the stun-

ning knowledge of his art overpowered me. It was a strange freak for a child of ten summers, but somehow it crept into my baby-brain that I must not like him, although the while, in spite of myself, a preference for his opinions, ways and looks, grew up strong within me. If he spoke to me when any one was observing him, I was silent and shrank away from him timidly, but when we were alone, I chatted and chirruped like a young robin. I think he must have noticed this, and from it taken into his head the boyish idea of teasing me. To him, he said, I was little Phebe Lester no longer, now that he knew how much I cared for him. For the future he should call me Mrs. Haynes—little Mrs. Haynes, and should be very angry if everybody in the house did not follow his example. I must not ever have any little beaux among the schoolboys now that my name was changed; but I must be prim and proper like any married woman who was faithful to her husband.

"Would I agree to this?" he asked.

I glanced up from the hem of my white muslin apron, which I had been twisting about my fingers, to meet my mother's eye fixed laughingly upon my face. In a moment my lips were closed resolutely, while he, seeing at once the cause of my silence, reached out of the window and plucked a rose from a running vine, that crept nearly to the mossy eaves.

"Little Mrs. Haynes must wear the rose," he said. "It would never do for her to toss her head and throw his gifts carelessly by. All married women wore flowers which their husbands gave them. Would I wear the rose?"

I glanced about the room again. My mother was nowhere to be seen, and so I said that I *would* wear it if he wanted me to.

"And would I consent to be called little Mrs. Haynes?"

"Yes, I would consent."

"Then it was all right. He would never look about for a wife, nor I should never look about for a husband. We were Mr. and Mrs. Haynes. Did that suit me?"

"Oh, yes, that suited me! I liked that!"

"Well, then, he should have to buy me a little gold ring to wear upon my third finger, to let folks know that some one owned me."

"No I didn't want a ring!"

"Tut, tut, tut! That would never do. People who were engaged to be married always gave such pledges. He should speak to father about it, so that it would be all right. If he was willing, would I wear the ring?"

"No, I didn't like rings!"

"Wouldn't I like a ring that he would buy?"

"No—I wouldn't like a ring at any rate."

During his stay, which was protracted to months instead of weeks, he strove in every way to change my determination about the engagement ring as he termed it. I was inexorable. A ring I would not wear. Not even when he made ready for his departure, and told me that in a few weeks he should be thousands of miles away from me, nor when he piled up before me pictures that he had drawn at his leisure, during the long summer hours that hung heavily upon his hands, would I revoke my decision. I would take the finely executed drawings, the prettily framed portrait of himself, but I would have no rings.

At last he went away from us. I shall never forget the morning, or how cold, dull, and cheerless it seemed to me. How dreary and desolate every thing looked because he was going away. It was no every-day grief that bore down upon my young heart, no childish promise that assured him, as he kissed my quivering lips, that I would never forget him, and that I would always be his little Mrs. Haynes.

"Would I write to him and sign that name?"

"Yes, I would."

"I was a good girl, then, and he would never forget me. Good-by!"

"Good-by!" My voice trembled and fluttered upon the words. In my short life they were the hardest I had found to speak.

During the next two years no lady-love could have been more faithful to her absent knight than was I to Frank Haynes. The brightest moments of my life circled about the reception of his letters, the greatest joy of life was in answering them. Among my schoolmates I had no childish love, no juveniles to wait upon me to sleigh-rides and parties, that the children in the neighborhood delighted in. If I could not go and come alone, I would remain at home, whatever might be the inducements offered to tempt me from my unswerving course. I was little Mrs. Haynes, and little Mrs. Haynes I was bent upon remaining.

But while I was in the very midst of my heroic devotion, a terrible rumor reached my ears, a rumor that Frank Haynes, my self-appointed lord and master, was engaged to a young and beautiful lady in the city. It was a dreadful blow to my precocious hopes and plans, though for a long while I battled against crediting the report. Hadn't Frank told me that he would never look about for a wife? that I was the only little lady who should bear his name? Didn't he write me regularly every fortnight, commencing his letters "Dear little Mrs. Haynes," and telling me to be faithful to him? And—and—

would he do this if he was engaged? No, not a bit of it! Some one had maliciously lied about him, had manufactured the story from their own wicked imagination. I would not believe it, though the whole world stood up before me and testified to its truth.

As if to reward me for my faith, and set my prejudiced little mind to rights, the next coach set Frank down at our door. He thought he must come and see his little wife once more, he said, as I went timidly forward to meet him, though he thought it very bad taste in me to grow at such a rapid rate. He was afraid I'd grow out of my engagement; he should have to put a loaf of hot bread upon my head to keep me within bounds. We had been engaged two years; I was twelve years old, and a head taller than I was at ten. He was going to Europe to stay three or four years; what would I be when he returned? He did not dare to think. He believed I would be as tall as he was by that time. Wouldn't I?

"I hoped so," I answered, tartly, thinking the while of the story of his engagement.

"Whew! You are taking on the airs of a fine young lady already, my little Phebe," he answered, laughing heartily. "You wouldn't give me one of your brown curls to-day, if my heart should break for it; would you?"

"No, I have none to spare."

"Not one?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Cause—"

"Cause what?"

"Because she has heard strange reports of you, Frank," broke in my mother, mischievously. "She hasn't any idea of letting you rob her of her curls while she doubts your sincere allegiance to her. She is a lady of spirit, you see."

"On my faith, she is!" he exclaimed gaily, fixing his blue eyes upon my face. "And I trow I'm in love with her for it. Never mind reports, my little lady."

I answered only by a curl of my lips, while he reached out his hand to draw me to a seat upon his knee.

"No, I won't sit there!" I cried, pushing away his hand, while the tears, which had been crowding their way into my eyes, gave a sudden dash down my burning cheeks. I'll never sit there again, never!"

"My dear little Phebe!"

There was a real pathos in his rich, manly voice, a quick, penetrating, surprised look in his clear blue eyes as he uttered these words, followed by a rapid, wondering expression of tenderness, as he repeated them.

"My dear little Phebe! May God bless you!"

I stole quietly away from him out of the house, with that fervent benediction lying fresh and deep upon my childish heart, and threw myself down in the shade of the old orchard trees, and sobbed out the heaviness that pressed upon my spirits. For hours I lay there in the mellow September sunshine, brooding over the little romance that had so silently and strangely grown into the woof of my almost baby life. I wept before my time for the delicious griefs that forever cling to a sweet, conscious womanhood.

When I returned to the house Frank had taken his leave, but in my little work-basket he left a small pearl box, which contained a plain gold ring! Did I wear it? Are you a woman, reader, and ask it?

"Phebe, Phebe! mother says, come downstairs! There is a gentleman in the parlor who wishes to see you."

The words broke harshly into my pleasant dreams, which I had been weaving all the long golden July afternoon, in the unbroken stillness of my little chamber. At my feet, upon the carpet, with its leaves rumpled and crushed, lay my neglected Virgil in close proximity to a huge Latin dictionary, while upon my lap, in a wrinkled condition, my sewing was lying, with the needle hanging by a long line of thread, nearly to the floor, as if escaped luckily from a round of monotonous hemming, which, as yet, boasted but two or three stitches at its commencement.

"Who can it be that wishes to see me!" I exclaimed, rising hastily and calling after my little six-year-old brother. "Who is it, Charlie?"

"Don't know; it's somebody. Mother says come down."

"Who can it be?" An hour since I had seen a gentleman with a heavily bearded face come up the walk, but I was too busy with my dreams to notice him very particularly. Still as I recalled his face and figure, and his quick springing step, there seemed something strangely familiar in them. Who could it be? My heart beat rapidly. Surely I had seen that face and form before, and a name that was singularly dear to me trembled upon my lips—"Frank Haynes!"

But I could not go down to meet him, though I was summoned a thousand times. I did not wish to see him; why should I? There was no occasion for it. I was not the foolish little girl of twelve summers that he had left five years ago in short frocks and curls, but a full-grown woman instead. No, I was not the same. I would not go down. Besides, a sudden headache was nearly blinding me. Mother could not ask it of me when I was hardly able to sit up. But what would

he think? Would he care? Would he still remember, tenderly, the little Mrs. Haynes of five years ago?

Little! I repeated the word as I stood before the long mirror, which gave back to me an accurate picture of myself. A slender, passable form; a dark, clear complexion; large gray eyes; a mouth whose redness seemed to have robbed my cheeks of their color; white teeth; a forehead broad, but not high; large, heavy braids of chestnut-brown hair, was the likeness framed before my eyes. I turned away with a sigh, and glanced down to my hand. Upon the third finger of the left was a plain gold circlet. The hot blood rushed up into my cheeks as I looked at it. I would wear it no longer. *He* should never know that I had worn it at all. Just then my brother came again to the door of my room, crying out a new message.

"Mother says little Mrs. Haynes is wanted down-stairs."

"I have a terrible headache, Charlie. Please tell mother so;" and I sank down upon a chair close by the window, and leaned my head upon a chair-handle.

"Dear, dear! if they would but forget me!" I murmured to myself, as the hum of their conversation came clearly to my ears. An hour passed away, and I heard a sound of voices in the hall, then steps in the walk below. I did not glance eagerly from the window, or peer carefully from the half-closed shutters, but clasped my hands tightly over my eyes till the sound of footsteps died away in the distance, then I crept stealthily down-stairs and stepped softly into the silent parlor, where so lately *he* had been. I was half across the room before I noticed that I was not alone, and then, before I could make a hasty retreat, a glad, merry voice, rich with its golden music, exclaimed: "My own dear little Mrs. Haynes, as I live! How happy I am to see you!" and a hand clasped mine tightly, while a pair of bearded lips were bent down to mine. I drew my head back haughtily. I was a little child no longer. I would not accept, even from him, the caresses that he had bestowed upon me five years before.

"Ah, Mr. Haynes," I said, bowing in a dignified way, "I am pleased to see you."

My manner chilled at once his warm, genial nature. Stepping backward from me and releasing my hand, he said with a curl of his finely cut lips, "Your pardon, Miss Lester, I had quite forgotten that you had grown to be a fine lady!"

I bowed him back a reply, flashing a quick, impetuous glance upon him, as I did so. But there was no pleasantry attempted on his part, and when my mother entered the

room a few moments after, and referred, laughingly, to our old engagement, he answered her in a few evasive words, as though the subject was not an agreeable one to him.

Affairs had taken an unhappy turn, but it was too late to remedy them, and day after day passed away, leaving Mr. Haynes as cold and distant as he had been from the moment I first repulsed him. I would have given worlds to have recalled my unlucky words, yet, since they were spoken, I would not unbend a moment from my calm, cool dignity, though I was as miserable and wretched as I could well be, and knew that Mr. Haynes shared my wretchedness.

All the time that I could spend in my chamber, without being absolutely rude, was passed there, till my strange, unusual appearance was noticed by my father and mother, and my mood commented freely upon before our guest.

"You appear so strangely, Phebe," said my mother one morning, "I really do not know how to understand you. I'm afraid that Mr. Haynes will think you are not pleased to see him. Every chance that occurs you resolutely avoid him, as though he was the veriest monster, instead of a dear friend. What is the matter?"

"Nothing. The strangeness of my appearance is but a reflection. I cannot help it. Mr. Haynes hates and despises me now," I said, burying my tearful eyes in my hands. "Phebe!"

My mother's voice was stern and reproachful, but I did not heed it.

"He *does* hate me, mother! hates me with—"

"Your pardon, little Phebe—Miss Lester, but he does not!" broke in the clear, rich voice of Mr. Haynes. "Of all persons in

the world—" He paused, and in a moment more I heard my mother step lightly from the room.

"I am not cold, haughty, and proud," I said excitedly, looking up into his face, "and I do like you just as well—as well—"

"What, little Phebe?" he asked, eagerly, a quick expression of joy lighting up his blue eyes.

"As well as ever I did!" I faltered.

"And how well is that? So well that during all these weary years you have not cherished a dream of the future that did not encircle me? So well that every strong, passionate hope of your womanly nature has reached out constantly to me? As well as I have liked, ay, *loved* you—till every pulse of your heart beats for me? As well as this, Phebe?"

I covered my face that he might not read the whole expression of my love in my tell-tale eyes, and be shocked that it had grown to be so near a wild, passionate idolatry.

"Will you become Mrs. Haynes in truth, in earnest, Phebe?" he asked, drawing me to my old seat upon his knee.

"Yes!"

"And will at last wear the ring?"

I held up my finger before his eyes.

"My own darling little wife! at last my little Mrs. Haynes, in good faith!" he exclaimed, covering my lips with kisses.

That night there were sly looks and glances cast towards me at every turn, and at the supper-table my father quite forgot himself, and called me "little Mrs. Haynes" again.

Reader, I have been a happy wife for some three blessed, sunshiny years, and, as you may have already conjectured, "*my name is Haynes!*"

A NOVEL WEATHER INDICATOR.—In several large farm-houses in Lancashire they use the following as a weather indicator. A leech is put into a clear glass bottle full of water, the latter being renewed every second day. If the day is to be wet, the leech lies close at the bottom of the bottle; if the day is to be showery, it occupies a place about the centre (upward) of the bottle; but if the day is to be fine, the creep-

ing thing lies on the surface of the water. A gentleman in this town informs me that he has tried this for the last seven months, and found it accurately correct: ten times more so, he says, than any glass, patent or otherwise. Is this thing known and used elsewhere? It is, I think, worth a Note, as I have never heard of such an indicator before.

Liverpool.

S. REDMOND.

—Notes and Queries.

From the Dublin University Magazine.
THE INFORMER.

CHAPTER I.

PEGGY CROSS.

ON the borders of Leitrim stood the lonely hamlet of Dring—a group of fifteen houses lying in a valley overhung by steep rocks. Picturesque from its extreme wildness, the surrounding country was bare and uncultivated. Here and there goats might be seen browsing on the rugged heights, or mayhap a few stunted cows, with rough coats, seeking food among the heather, herded by a sun-burnt child scarcely past the age of infancy. No ornamental seat was within miles of that deserted spot. From no point, however elevated, could the eye detect a single belt of plantation. The priest's house lay apart from the hamlet, a long, low, thatched building, standing in a garden, where cabbage and potatoes grew, from year to year; and still further away, on an elevated point, was the rude chapel of the district, remarkable for its slated roof, its large wooden cross in front, and its isolated aspect. Where the people came from that gathered to that dreary little place of worship, might have puzzled any one to tell; but certain it is, that Sunday after Sunday it was filled to suffocation, while crowds of people knelt outside, telling their beads in agonized devotion, or gazing with reverence at its sacred walls. Like spirits conjured up by the magician's wand, these peasants could be seen each Sabbath morning descending heights, or flocking up from solitary valleys, in great streams; the women clad neatly in garments chiefly of their own manufacture, with snow-white caps, blue or red cloth cloaks, and clean bare feet; while the men rejoiced in shirts of dazzling hue, whose collars touched their ears, comfortable coats, and strong shoes—for though the women might dispense with these latter articles, without any diminution of dignity, no man but of the most abject description, ever appeared without them. People might be dirty and untidy on week days, but none, save the very degraded, were unclean on the Sabbath—even silly Pat McGaskin, in all his rags, had a white shirt then, for the "honor o' God."

About a quarter of a mile from the hamlet, far down in a sequestered nook, with jagged rocks around it, one of which formed part of its back wall, stood a little cabin, lonelier still than any abode we have mentioned. A neat dwelling it was, with a well-sanded floor, and well-scoured furniture—snowy white the dresser opposite the door; well dusted the rows of little pictures hanging on the walls; bright the tins ranged on the shelves. There was an inner room off the

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE.

546

principal one—an apartment so low, that you could hardly stand up in it without getting a knock on the head from the roof; but still it formed a comfortable sleeping chamber—whether a very wholesome one, we cannot presume to say; but the occupant of it was rarely ill—that was certain. This house belonged to a woman called Peggy Cross—one who had never married, though in her youth suitors had not failed to seek her hand. She was now between forty and fifty—very tall and thin; rather plain than handsome; with a sallow complexion, small black eyes, hair still untouched by silver streaks, and a remarkably acute expression of face. She had always been a dutiful daughter, and up to the period of her parents' death, had supplied their wants with the proceeds of her industry. Now she was alone, but independent, as a lengthened period of service in farm-houses had given her the means of providing comfortably for her advancing years. Peggy had had a sister, younger than herself, who was handsome, and who, like herself, had often been a hired servant in the houses of strangers. That sister was now dead—a shadow had fallen upon her good name—and no one ever alluded to her in the presence of Peggy. Notwithstanding that she was economical to the last degree as regarded expenditure on her own dress and food, Peggy Cross had an open hand for the poor; no beggar was ever turned from her door without a kind word and assistance. Remarkable for possessing a silent tongue, which encouraged many to confide their cares to her, this woman was the possessor of almost as many secrets as the priest himself; of course there were some that disliked, and some that feared her; one or two considered that she had dealings with a certain person that must be nameless; a few were of opinion, that "the sorra bit o' religion the same woman had;" and those who were aware of some passages in her history, now forgotten by the generality of folks at Dring, looked upon her as hard-hearted and cruel. Once Peggy had been a servant in a priest's house in a distant county, and whether she witnessed any scenes there that made her a sceptic, was not known; but certain it is, that a short time afterwards, she gave up attending mass. We will introduce the reader to the interior of Peggy's cabin.

Heavy rain had splashed drearily all the day, and now, when evening set in, it splashed as drearily—soaking into the thatch of many an ill-roofed hovel—hissing, as it dropped upon smouldering fires—streaming with sooty color down rugged walls. A bright fire blazed in Peggy's kitchen, dry turf and well seasoned lumps of bogwood diffusing light and warmth through the apart-

ment. Three people, besides the owner, occupied the room: one was an aged woman, dressed in garments whose quality and quantity proclaimed her to belong to the class of wandering beggars, now happily, more rare in Ireland than they were twenty years ago. Her head was enveloped in a grey caul, over which was tied a red cotton handkerchief, while round her figure was wrapped a yellow quilt, concealing a vast amount of clothing beneath it. Very bulky, indeed, did the good woman look; for along with her other garments, she carried round her person whatever bed-clothes she required for her night's rest, blankets and all. Singularly plain in feature, this old woman presented an unprepossessing appearance: her nose was flat and broad, her brow heavy, her small eyes sunken, her cheeks large and prominent, and her feet and ankles of elephantine dimensions. No wonder that Granny Dunn was the terror of children for miles around, when she stalked silently into the kitchens of the peasant and the farmer, to secure the relief she never had to ask for in words, and for which she never either deigned, or was expected, to say, "thank ye."

The other two guests of Peggy Cross, were a miserably thin little woman, who lived in the hamlet, and her brother, a remarkably good-looking young man, named Bat M'Govern. The sister, Jane Mullens, was the wife of a blacksmith, in poor circumstances and delicate health, with a family of boys and girls, not much short of a dozen, though many had died.

"It's a pity o' them that hasn't a roof over their heads to-night," observed Peggy, as she made the fire still brighter. "How far did you thravel the day, Granny?"

"Anan!" said Granny, raising her eyes from the wallet, whose contents she was examining.

Peggy repeated the question in a still louder tone.

"Only as far as Para Bawn's; it was there I stopped last night," replied Granny, in a high key.

"It isn't often Para Bawn lets thravellers rest a night undher his roof, Bat," whispered Peggy, to the young man. "How in the worl', Granny, did ye get a night's lodgin' at Para's?" she shouted, bending her head close to the old woman's ear.

"Because he wasn't to the fore himself,—the ould tyrant!" replied Granny; "an' I made Weeny let me stop whether or no; she darn't turn me out in the cowl, though maybe she'd have liked to do it."

"Where was Para himself?" asked Bat M'Govern, with some interest.

"Away at Carrigallen, sellin' the brown stirke," answered Granny, promptly.

"That's the last o' the cattle, I b'lieve," observed Peggy Cross. "Now, its full certain, that Para has taken some new notion in his head about sellin' off his cows. I warrant he'll be stockin' the farm with a fine kind afore all's over. It isn't want that's makin' him part them anyhow."

"Nobody knows who's in want these times," said Jane Mullins; "the wet harvest 'ill make many a man poor that was rich a year ago."

"They say there's a power o' stills workin' through the country," continued Peggy; "it's poteen they're makin' o' the corn."

"An' who'd blame them, Peggy Cross?" demanded Mrs. Mullins, energetically; "only for poteen there 'id be more people starvin' than anybody can tell,—that's what I know. An' maybe the priest wouldn't get his dues, nor the landlord his rent, if the stills quit goin'. People can't live without money, nor die aither, for that matther. Isn't it only the other day that Father Gilligan refused to say a prayer over Jack Connor's gosssoon,—Lord rest him,—'till so many shillins was laid on the coffin fornint his eyes?"

"Ay, I heerd tell o' that," said Peggy, looking thoughtfully into the fire.

"An' did you hear how the corpse might have gone into the grave without the blessin' o' God on it, only Para Bawn's daughter kem forrid an' laid silver on the coffin lid?"

At the conclusion of this sentence Bat M'Govern moved his position,—sitting for a moment upright, and then falling back in a rather dejected manner.

"Weeny's tendher-hearted, no doubt o' that," remarked Peggy, hastily brushing away a tear; "but I wish she was less wild an' skittish; she vexes me often the way she goes on, ramblin' about at all hours. I don't b'lieve there's a spot about the place she doesn't know for many's the mile round; she could go over the country with her eyes shut."

"Did ever any one see a child less like the father?" said Jane Mullins, after a pause; "he's so plain an' coorse lookin', an' she a'most like a fairy, though I shouldn't say it."

"She's too handsome for a poor girl like her," said Peggy, sighing; "maybe it 'id be better if she had some of her father's steady ways; for though he's hard and gripin' sometimes, he's an honest man; nobody can say he'd wrong a body over a penny."

"Para Bawn wouldn't give what 'id dhrop off his finger to a starvin' crature," said old Granny, whose ears, like those of many deaf people, sometimes caught low spoken words not intended for their hearing; "an' maybe he'll be in want and beggary himself yit,—who knows?"

"Come, Granny, bake your bannock, if ye have one to bake, afore the fire gets slack,"

interrupted Peggy, who did not like the gloomy forebodings occasionally indulged in by the "thravellin' woman."

"Never heed the bannock," said Granny, gruffly, as she drew out her pipe; "we're spakin' ov Para Bawn above, the greatest ruffin in Irelan'."

Jane Mullins winked at Peggy, and both nodded their heads in silence.

"Ay, an' Miss Weeny, too," continued Granny, fumbling at her pipe; "maybe I could give her a heart-scald, with all her finery an' her beauty; some o' these days she'll know her own place, I warrant!"

For a long while the old woman continued to mutter forth disjointed sentences, all indicative of hostility to Para Bawn; till, having satisfied herself, she rose, and proceeding to the dresser, prepared to make a cake with some oatmeal which she drew from her wallet. Silently and slowly she went about the task, asking no questions, and making use of whatever culinary articles she fancied, without seeking permission from the owner. Soon the process was completed, — baking and all; and then Granny lay down to rest in a remote corner, for she was to pass that night under Peggy's roof. Coiled up, and looking more like a huge bundle of clothes stowed out of the way than any thing else, she was soon apparently fast asleep, while the rest of the occupants of the room conversed in subdued tones.

"And now, Jane," said Peggy, with an anxious expression of face, "is it thrue that Pether Mullins has takin' to the poteen business?"

"Ay, Peggy, it is," replied Jane, a little ashamed; "but what could we do? The childre was fairly starvin', an' the bit ov corn we had wasn't fit for any thing in the way of aitin', an' so he thought he'd make something ov it you way."

"An' have you any call to it, Bat?" demanded Peggy, turning to M'Govern.

"Oh, don't talk about it to him, Peggy!" exclaimed Jane. "He'd never look at a still, only that Pether isn't able sometimes to go down where they have the fires, an' rather than let me go, Bat takes a run down to it; but he says, he wouldn't touch a farthin' o' the price got for the poteen for all ever he seen."

"He's right," said Peggy. "If there's a thing I hate, it's a still. An' is it thrue that Para Bawn's workin' at poteen as well as another?"

"Spake low, woman dear," said Jane, pointing to the spot where old Granny lay; "the fewer people that knows o' the business the better."

"To be shure, I know that; but tell me is it thrue about Para Bawn?"

"Yis, — he has got a still ondoubtedly, — it was he began it from the first."

"More fool he!" exclaimed Peggy. "I thought he had more sinse."

"Whisht, there she's movin'!" whispered Jane, as Granny gave a long-drawn breath, and turned in her sleep.

"Well, ye haven't a grain o' wit," said Peggy; "shure the woman's as deaf as a post."

"Troth she can hear when she likes," persisted Mrs. Mullins.

"Well, I wouldn't be engaged in any thrassic that 'id keep me in a fright like that, for all the goold in the kingdom," declared Peggy. "You'll see there 'ill be ould work with the ganger afore long; and finin', and goin' to goal; ugh! it isn't worth the trouble!"

"Don't be too hard on us, Peggy," said Jane, with a heart-broken air. "If you had seen as many childre as I have, pinin' an' dyin' afore your eyes for the fair hunger, you wouldn't wondher if a body 'id thrive to keep the life in them that's livin'."

"Hard!" thought Peggy, looking drearily into the fire; "it isn't for the likes o' me to be hard on anybody!"

For a long time she sat gazing before her with the eyes of a person studying the past.

CHAPTER II.

WEENY.

MRS. MULLINS and her brother had departed from the house, and Peggy was still sitting by the fire, when a gentle knock came to the door.

"Who's there?" asked the woman, starting up.

"It's me, Peggy," answered a low voice.

"Musha, Weeny, is it you, at this time o' night?" demanded Peggy, hastening to light a candle and open the door.

"Ay, I'm a bother to ye at all times," was the reply, — half sad, — half playful, as a young and fragile girl glided in. She was rather below the middle height, yet taller than at a first glance might have been supposed, as the smallness of her hands and feet, and the delicacy of her form and features, imparted an almost child-like character to her appearance; so tiny had this young creature been in early childhood, that she was given the pet name of Weeny, which still adhered to her. Dressed in the simple garments of her class, her attire was scrupulously neat, — perhaps a little coquettish. Her hair, of a light brown hue, was still permitted to hang round her head unconfined by comb or pin, but it was drawn smoothly behind her ears, so that no stray lock dangled over cheek or brow. Throwing back the hood of her wet

cloak, Peggy gazed with scrutiny at her visitor's face, while the latter entered into some explanations respecting the cause of her apparition at that late hour.

"Father's away still," she said, "an' the house above's so lonesome, I thought I'd come down and sleep with you, Peggy. Granny Dunn was at our house last night, an' I never slept a wink, I was so much afraid ov her. She's a terrible woman!"

"Take care how ye spake," said Peggy, warningly; "for the same woman's beyant there in the corner."

The girl checked a frightened exclamation, and then laughed.

"Well there's no use talkin', but I'm in dread of Granny," she said; "she hates my father so much; an' she says she could tell me what 'id make my hair stand up on my head."

"If she'd tell ye something that 'id make ye turn it up the way it ought to be," said Peggy, drily, "it 'id be well done. You're growin' too big, Weeny, to have it hangin' about ye; an' ye ought to larn to stay quiet at home, instead of runnin' through the country."

"Oh, musha, Peggy, I wish I never was born!" said Weeny, flinging herself on a seat.

"Fie! fie!" cried Peggy.

"Ay, indeed, Peggy; it's frightful lonesome up in the ould house beyant, an' I've quare thoughts in my head about sperits, an' ghosts, an' the like. Last night, when Granny an' I were sittin' our lone at the kitchen fire, there kem a sound like moanin' down from the room where mother died, an' Granny said it was no wondher we'd hear the like,—for there were two deaths in that room; but I couldn't get her to tell me who the other person that died was; she said, maybe I'd know soon enough to my cost."

"Never heed Granny an' her talk!" exclaimed Peggy, "she's forever grumblin' an' ravin'."

"Oh, she puts terror in my heart!" cried poor Weeny, clasping her hands. "Was it thrue, Peggy dear, that the fear ov my father killed my mother?"

"Them questions isn't right," said Peggy, snuffing the candle.

"I'm only askin' ye, because Granny said she lived and died in mortal terror ov him."

"Never mind her; yer father was a good husband; an' don't you know he's a good father?"

Weeny held her peace. She knew her father rarely spoke a kind word to her.

"I'm of very little use, Peggy," she said; after a pause; "look at my hands, shure they're not fit to do any thing! If I was bigger an' stronger, maybe father 'id like me better."

"Why don't ye stop at home an' work like

another colleen?" asked Peggy, looking com passionately at the fair young girl.

"Work 'id kill me," she replied, mournfully.

"Come, come, no nonsense!" cried Peggy, who saw her little friend was falling into low spirits; "what 'ill ye do when you've a house o' yer own? If you'd have come sooner down here you'd have seen Bat M'Govern an' Jane Mullins; they were sittin' with me for two hours an' more."

A quick flush passed over Weeny's face; but there was no gayety in her eye; she did not even smile.

"Whoever 'ill marry Bat 'ill be a happy woman," said Peggy; "he's a good brother, an' he'll be a good husband."

Weeny said nothing.

"Come, now," added Peggy, "if you an' Bat have quarrelled, tell me all about it, an' I'll be the one to make it up between ye; for I noticed him lookin' downcast like this very night."

"We didn't quarrel," said Weeny, looking very pale.

"Anyhow there's something over ye, Weeny. What is it?"

"Many's the thing," replied the girl, sadly.

"Where did ye get the money ye gave Father Gilligan, for sayin' a prayer over little John Connor's remains?" asked Peggy, suddenly.

"It was the money for the week's house-keepin'," replied Weeny. "It was ov a Monday, an' I had it all in my pocket at the funeral; so when I seen the grief o' the mother, and the shame o' the poor father, I just slipped it out an' laid it on the coffin-lid."

"An' now, what about the housekeepin'?" said Peggy.

"As good luck 'id have it, father's away ever since, an' I don't care a pin what I ate myself. See here's what I have for the morrow;" she added, smiling, as she drew from her pocket a small oaten cake.

"An' won't yer father want an account ov the money when he comes back?" asked Peggy.

"Yes," said the girl, sadly; "but I can't help that."

"How much was it?"

Weeny specified the sum, and then Peggy, after considerable rummaging among various articles on the dresser, such as handless mugs and a spoutless teapot, succeeded in gathering together as many shillings as her young friend had parted with.

"Here, child," she said, affecting an air of pleasantry, "you can take these, an' when you and Bat's married, you'll pay me. There now, don't be thankin' me; I set no value on money, though them that thinks themselves better may."

"It's not the first time you've done me a kindness, Peggy Cross," said Weeny, "an' I'm afeard I'll be in your debt forever."

It rather puzzled Peggy to see that Weeny's spirits scarcely rose at all, even after she got the money. It was plain that something more than common was upon her mind.

"People oughtn't ever to fret for nothin'," she said at length, "it's a great sin, Weeny. I onst knew a young woman about your age, that used to have the lowness o' sperits ahead when she was safe and comfortable at home; but it wasn't till she went out to sarvice among black strangers that she knew right what it was to have sorrow at her heart."

"Who was she?" asked Weeny, perhaps regarding the individual as of mythological origin.

"Oh, she was a rale woman," said Peggy, gravely; "I could tell ye more about her than that."

"Well tell me something to pass the time anyhow," urged the girl; "ye know you're great for tellin' stories, Peggy, an' I don't feel as if I could sleep a wink."

Peggy looked fixedly at the fire, as was her custom when thinking, and then she spoke:

"Many's the time, Weeny, I tould ye stories when ye were so small I could hould ye ondhier my arm; but I never tould one like what I'll tell ye now. More than a score o' years ago, there was two sisters livin' with their father an' mother, in a snug farm-house not far from Carrick; and it kem to pass that misfortune overtook them, an' they were obliged to lave home an' earn money to keep a house over their parents' heads. Instead o' orderin' here an' there servants o' their own, they had to do the biddin' o' others, an' they felt it sorely, especially the youngest one, for she wasn't used to doin' a hand's turn, an' she was as beautiful to look at as ever a lady in the country. We'll call them Joan and Mary,—though that wasn't their rale names; but it doesn't signify. Well, Joan used often to be vexed with Mary, for the talk she'd have about marryin' in a grand way, thinkin' nothin' was too high for her; an' she'd say, maybe it's a jauntin' car she'd be dhivin' to mass on yet; but Joan thought such fancies was nonsense, an' she'd tell her sister to put them out o' her head entirely. Howsomever they were scattered in the long run, an' Joan hardly ever saw her sister, at all, except when they'd get lave at Christmas, maybe to go home; at last Joan went down to live with a priest, Father Michael, we'll call him, for conveynency; but his riverence was over fond of a sup now an' again, an' half his time he'd be tipsy, an' as cross as ever ye seen, so that in all the places Joan was, this was the worst o' them. Well, she hadn't heard a word o' her sister for many's the long day, when one night

late, a rap comes to the door, an' who should step in but Mary, lookin' more like a corpse than a livin' woman. 'What in the world brings ye here at this hour?' said Joan, quite sharp, for she had that unfeelin' way o' speakin' at times. 'It's not for myself I'm comed,' said Mary, 'but for another;' an' with that she opens her cloak an' shows Joan an infant lyin' across her arm asleep. 'Oh murder!' cried Joan, clappin' her hands, 'what disgrace is this you've brought on our mother an' father!' an' she was goin' on in a frantic manner, for she thought the life 'id lave her, when Mary caught her by the arm an' said,—'Quit, Joan, ye don't know what you're sayin'—there's no disgrace at all,—I'm a married woman; but I can't tell ye no more at present.' Now Joan thought this was all a made up story, an' she ordered Mary to lave her sight at onst, an' Mary begged her to have mercy on the poor innocent child, and give her some money, for she hadn't a half-penny. 'Go to you're husband,' says Joan, as bitter as ever ye seen. 'He's not in the country,' says Mary; 'he went to Englan' to thry to get somethin' to do, an' I thought to have heard from him afore this; but I'm afeard he's dead, an' ye see the child's born, an' I had to lave my place, an' I'm fairly starvin' wid hunger an' want.' 'It's a likely story from beginnin' to end!' said Joan; 'away with ye out o' that!' Well, Mary just turned on her heel that minnit, with her eyes flashin' like two coals, an' without spakin' another syllable she was off in a jiffy. When she was gone Joan's heart softened, an' she ran to the door to call her back, but she couldn't see a stime ov her anywhere, though there was a fine moon shinin'. It wasn't for more than a fortnight after that, that Joan heard ov her sister again, an' all the time she was cryin' for shame an' grief, till one evenin', at dusk, a poor woman from the mountains, beyant Father Michael's house, kem runnin' for his riverence in all haste to attend a dyin' woman that was lyin' above at her cabin. 'I'm just goin' to my dinner,' says the priest, 'an' I'll have ye to know that I can't be disturbed this a way every minnit.' 'I'll keep the dinner hot an' nice till ye come back,' says Joan. 'It doesn't do,' says his riverence, 'to encourage these sort o' people; let the woman wait till I'm done, I'll go up in an hour maybe.' 'Come yerself, an' see the crathur,' says the woman to Joan, 'for she axed me to sen' ye to her.' With that Joan thought it was maybe Mary that was dyin', and she put on her cloak, an' away with her; and sure enough it was her sister that lay nearly in the last agonies; but she knew Joan, an' she tould the woman o' the house to let her an' Joan spake a few words together by themselves. 'Joan,' says she, when they were together, 'ye see a murderher for-

nint yer eyes!" Joan couldn't spake, she was that thunderstruck; an' Mary went on; 'your hardness made me kill my child; for when I left you that night I just got up on the rocks an' flung it down into the sthrame o' wather half-a-mile from this; but if the feelin' I had doin' it 'ill stand for any o' the punishment o' the sin, then I won't suffer much more in another worl'! I thought it better to let it die yon way than any other.' Then she told Joan how she had married the son of a sthrong farmer livin' near the place where she was hired, but that fear made them keep the marriage saycret, an' at last it began to be suspected they were too great. So the farmer bein' an honest man, had anger again' the son, an' faith he sent him out o' the counthry entirely; but all the while neither Mary nor he 'id let on they were married, for fear o' the father givin' away the property to some o' the younger sons; an' there she had to give up her place an' go beggin' along the counthry, hidin' her rale name, till she comed to where Joan was hired in Father Michael's, for the sorra word she heerd from her husband all the time, an' she didn't know where to direct even a letther to him in Englan', for he tould her not to write till she got a line from himself. Now Joan couldn't but b'lieve all this, as they were the words ov a dyin' woman, an' Mary tould her the name an' all ov the boy she married, but the sorra haporth Joan cared who he was, so she was married at all, for she knew Mary 'id never live to see the light ov another day. When the poor young woman had quit spakin' she got into convulsions, one afther another, dhreadful to look at, an' Joan ran every minit to see if Father Michael was comin' up, but the sorra inch ov him appeared, an' Mary died that night. For a long time Joan was like one turned to stone for the words of her dyin' sister. 'Yer hardness made me kill my child,' stuck fast in her heart; she used to dhream o' them a'most every night for longer than yon'd b'lieve."

When Peggy concluded her story, Weeny looked very hard at her, but forbore to ask the question that rose to her lips, and feeling at last sleepy, she retired to rest. But Peggy sat very long at the fire, staring vacantly at the coals, as they faded from red to white, till at length the last spark died out, and there she sat still.

CHAPTER III.

PARA BAWN.

THE house of Para Bawn — so called from the fairness of his hair and complexion in youth — stood in a field a little off the highway. It was a large, decayed looking-build-

ing, that had in by-gone days been an inn where the passing traveller could halt and refresh himself; but now no wayfarer ever received a night's lodging under the roof with the sanction of the owner. Dreary was it upon a wintry day, when the wind shrilly shrieked along narrow passages, and through dim garrets — still drearier in the summer time, when the evening twilight stole quietly through its numerous narrow windows — dreariest of all in night depths, when the moonshine played in weird devices over floor, wall, and ceiling. The roof was in want of repairs; here and there, where slates had been blown off, gaps appeared displaying the rafters and other wood-work, the walls inside and outside had not been white-washed for years; doors and windows were worm-eaten and unpainted; while the numerous rat-holes gnawed in all directions increased the neglected aspect of the building. Para Bawn, or, to give him his proper name, Patrick Wafe, had not married till the age of forty, and he then bestowed his hand upon a young woman, who brought him a considerable fortune in the form of cows and sheep. Plain in appearance and remarkably timorous in spirit, this girl had accepted Wafe's proposal at the command of her parents, and the life she led as his wife was the reverse of happy. With faults on each side, and love on neither, the marriage seemed unblest. There were dark scenes in that lonely house — discord, strife, terror. At length a brighter time arrived — a daughter was born, and both parents rejoiced; there was now a bond of union between them. Wafe's harsh nature grew soft as he looked at the infant in its cradle; friends were hospitably entertained at his house, and he treated even his wife kindly, bringing her presents, and in many ways displaying a change of feeling towards her. The baby seemed robust and healthy, yet Wafe was continually in alarm lest death might snatch it away, and he worried the mother a good deal by his anxiety respecting it. Indeed, it was only when he fancied she was neglectful of it that he seemed inclined to return to his former harsh treatment.

"God help me if anythin' happened that child!" was the thought that often haunted Mrs. Wafe's mind, till at length some of her neighbors began to fear it would unsettle her reason.

About this time Granny Dunn, who had commenced her wandering life, was a particular favorite of Mrs. Wafe, to whom she used to bring various charms and blessed herbs, from renowned fairy women for the benefit of the infant; and they were frequently closeted together for hours in the absence of Patrick, who regarded Granny with a feeling of antipathy. Boundless was the young

mother's charity to the beggar woman, whose gratitude was sincere. Like many people of weak intellect, Mrs. Wafe felt more pleasure in the friendship of an inferior than in that of an equal, and Granny's obsequiousness flattered her while some of her neighbors looked upon her familiarity with the wanderer as something decidedly reprehensible. Para Bawn was generally considered a successful farmer; and renting twelve acres of land, he reared every year a goodly number of young cattle, buying or selling at every fair within thirty miles of his own neighborhood, and thus being frequently absent from home for days together. Often he had gone even as far as Ballinasloe, to make purchases; and upon one occasion he stayed away there a whole week, enjoying the gayeties of the great October fair. On his return from this excursion he found his wife alarmingly ill—almost delirious—with no attendant but Granny Dunn, whom she would not permit out of her sight, while she also insisted upon having her chamber darkened so gloomily that no object was distinctly visible in it. Alarmed at this extraordinary state of things, Wafe called in the aid of a doctor and the priest, both of whom advised him to let his wife do as she liked, as she was evidently suffering from a severe nervous attack, and opposition would only make her worse. Agreeing to this advice, Wafe permitted Granny Dunn to hold her place at his wife's bed-side—never entering her room himself—as Granny told him his presence made her worse; while the child was also kept in confinement never leaving that gloomy chamber, to the great dismay of all the matrons about the place, who were of opinion that the "poor wee thing" 'd be lost entirely." It was dreary to see the strange figure of Granny Dunn in the costume of her class, going in and out of that dark room, several times a day, and often at night too—for the old woman never seemed to require sleep; while the heavy moaning of the unfortunate woman, lying incarcerated there, ever and anon broke the silence, varied at times by the feeble wail of the infant in the cradle. A month—nay more—passed away, and then death came to release Mrs. Wafe from sufferings which none knew the extent of save, perhaps, Granny Dunn. Before her departure the woman asked to see her husband; but for reasons of her own, Granny delayed bringing him the message till it was too late. Wafe only entered the room to witness the final struggle between life and death, and his wife went to her grave with a secret of an important nature unrevealed.

Para Bawn did all honor to his wife in the matter of the funeral; he buried her "decent," and his neighbors were satisfied. But all his

love for his infant daughter vanished from that day, for on desiring Granny to bring it to him, he was shocked to behold how emaciated and pale the child seemed, while to add to his dissatisfaction, it turned away from him with shrieks and cries of a most unflattering nature.

"Take it out o' that, entirely!" he cried, angrily, as Granny hid its face on her shoulder; "the child has been destroyed between ye!"

And so Granny retired with it, and laid it with a grim face in the cradle once more. But she was speedily dismissed the house, and strangers were hired to take charge of the baby. More than one person was of opinion that Weeny had been bewitched in her infancy. Yet, she attracted a good deal of interest in the neighborhood, and Peggy Cross, in particular, made a pet of her, keeping her often for days and nights in her cosy little cabin when Para Bawn was rambling away at fairs and markets.

Wafe was avaricious, and a speculator; but whether he lost or gained, he kept his doings always to himself. The wet harvest, alluded to by Jane Mullins, had indeed been injurious to him, and everybody knew it; whole fields of corn having been spoiled, as far as any thing eatable was concerned, by heavy and incessant rains. This circumstance induced him to form a design of illicit distillation, which he imparted to some neighbors, who, being in the same strait as himself, entered fully into the scheme; and soon a body of confederates was formed, all joined together by oaths which it would have been considered most heinous to break.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STILL-OWNERS.

THE autumn moon shone brightly in the sky; the winds were hushed; nothing broke the stillness but the rush of a distant mill-stream sounding clearly from afar. In a deep hollow, surrounded by rocks, sat the band of distillers grouped round several turf fires, not bright, but warm. Nearly a dozen stills were at work, while their owners smoked and chatted together.

"About sixteen individuals were present, and all were armed more or less; some being provided with pistols, others with stout shillelughs, and one or two with weapons even more deadly. Many of these men presented striking contrasts: there were gaunt, anxious-looking creatures, watching their stills as though life and death were concerned in them; wild looking fellows of harum scarum aspect, who merely liked any thing of a lawless character; grave men who had convinced themselves they were doing no harm in mak-

ing whatever use they pleased of their own property.

Para Bawn was present, as was likewise Bat McGovern, on the part of his brother-in-law.

The former was a large, powerfully-built man, of sixty, with a decidedly plain face, rendered unpleasant in expression by the whiteness of his eyebrows and eyelashes, and a tendency to redness in the eyes themselves. Being the highest in rank of all assembled there, and the personage who planned the arrangements concerning the secret business, appointing the places of rendezvous, etc., Para was looked up to with much respect, some of the men addressing him as "Sir." And he liked this obsequiousness well. Bat McGovern did not seem to take particular interest in the proceedings; he was merely provided with a walking-stick as a weapon of defence in case of a surprise, and he rarely entered into conversation, except when particularly addressed.

"Now, boys," said Para Bawn, with that tone of importance which so imposed on the gaunt, hungry members of the confederacy; "are ye all shure you're not tellin' too many friends respectin' the poteen makin'? It wond do at all to be lettin' this body an' that body know ov it. In particklar I'd be shy ov talkin' much afore women."

"It's not possible to keep the women that's consarned in the business in ignorance ov it," observed McGovern, a little drily; "ye know there's Jane Mullins must be tould every stir; but I don't think she has a notion ov turnin' informer on herself or any one else."

"Ay, but maybe she'd go spake ov it to somebody else that 'id turn informer," said Para Bawn, looking shrewd, and not overly well pleased; "women's remarkable for lettin' out saycrets."

"That's all a mistake," remarked Owen Keegan, a jocular-looking man, with a keen black eye; "catch any young woman tellin' out who's the boy she likes best, as long as she chooses to keep it to herself! Depind on it the most o' them can be as dark as ever ye seen."

"They're contrary, ondoubtedly," said Para Bawn; "an' that's the raison I'd be cautious ov tellin' them too much; if any thin' vexed them, they'd go off, maybe out ov spite, an' discover all."

"Well, as there isn't ever a woman here to spake for herself or her comrades, it isn't fair to be talkin' ill ov them," said Keegan. "I never noticed women to be a bit more contrary than men, in the long run—some o' them's wise an' some's foolish, just like any other sort o' people. There's Peggy Cross, beyant, she's a wonderful dark body."

"The greatest oddity in Irelan'!" exclaim-

ed Para Bawn. "Sure, Father Gilligan himself doesn't offer to meddle with her."

"His riverence takes things aisy enough, sometimes," continued Keegan, looking droll. "Many's the tidy little keg o' poteen goes in at the back gate above, an' no questions axed consarnin' where it came from, though it's emptied regular."

"Now, to quit jokin' about the matter," said Para Bawn; "I'd have ye to look sharp about ye, boys, from this out, for word kem this mornin' that the revenue chaps from Mohill had marched as far as Shilmaleek, an' they had sazed a few stills in that part of the country. So I wouldn't wondher if they'd be down among the mountains here in no time, if they'd get the wind o' the word."

"Let them come on, we're able for them," said Keegan, laying his hand on the musket that lay beside him.

"Unless somebody tould them the spot to come to they'd have ould work ferretin' us out," said Para Bawn, gravely; "but ye see there's a reward offered for every still discovered, to any one that 'ill turn informer, an' that's the temptation they're houldin' out."

"If the gauger waits 'till somebody turns informer, I mistrust he'll wait long enough," said a gray-headed old man. "I've had doins' with stills at different times for five an' twenty years, an' I never knew one o' my comrades to turn thairor, though there 'id be forty or fifty, maybe, at a time in the saycret, an' a heavy reward, too, placarded everywhere, to beguile the chaps into informin'."

"Were there any women in the saycret, Phil?" asked Keegan, winking at his next neighbor.

"Ay, plenty; but the never a man or woman played a false thrick on us; if they had, they couldn't have stopped long in the country, for we'd have burnt them out ov house an' home."

"Ay, an' too good the punishment 'id have been for them," said Para Bawn, bitterly; "hangin' itself wouldn't be too heavy a penalty."

"Times is gettin' althered in Irelan', anyhow," observed Keegan, with a sigh. "There isn't half the sperit there used to be in it. Why, boys, long ago there 'id be as much fightin' at every fair as there's in half-a-dozen now-a-days. Ye see, teetotalism an' English tame ways is doin' a dale o' mischief. People's beginnin' to thrick too much ov money makin' an' savin'. Now, there was my father kept a race-horse, an' him not to say rich, but he had the sperit ov a jittleman, an' he never cared how he spint the money. 'Ony,' he'd say to me, 'never turn a shillin' in yer hand afore ye give it away. I'd never wish to have a son o' mine with a mane dhrop in

him.' And I'd have tuk his advice, only the sorra many shillin' I ever had in my possession."

While the still-owners thus talked among themselves, they were not aware that a female figure was watching them from above, half hidden by the brushwood that clothed the rocks. Clearly the moonlight revealed to her the smugglers' haunt, and its occupants. The rustling of this figure, as it moved away, caught the attention of Keegan and a few others.

"Whisht!" said Para Bawn, his eye contracting for an instant; "didn't ye hear somethin' stirrin' above?"

"I thought I did," replied Keegan, as he scrambled up the rock-side; "shall I fire?"

"No," said McGovern, laying his hand on the musket Keegan had seized; "don't be too ready takin' life; maybe it wasn't an inimy was there."

Keegan pursued his search for the intruder, but in vain; the figure had glided into an adjoining glen before he caught a glimpse of it.

"Somebody was there, ondoubtedly," pursued Para Bawn; "ye had better keep watch, Keegan, for fear of a surprise."

Owen did as he was desired; but no further surprise came. The mill-stream gurgled in the distance; the breeze, light as the breath of a quiet sleeper, wandered through gorse and fern; and so the night wore on, till the fires under the stills grew faint, and each man had his expected quantity of liquor distilled.

CHAPTER V. SUSPICION.

AFTER that night peace was no more known to the smugglers. As Para Bawn had given warning, the revenue police poured down immediately on the wild country round Dring; and their success in still hunting was something extraordinary.

"Only think o' them searchin' Jack Connor's house," said Mrs. Mullins one day to Peggy Cross; "an' the minnit they wint in, they just marched straight up to the spot the still was hid in, as if they knew aforehand where it was. An' so poor Jack 'id have had to go to prison, only faith they couldn't find him as aisy; for he ran out through the little windy at the back o' the house, an' away with him among the rocks till they were right gone. Myself was in mortal terror till last night, when Bat jist took out the still an' hid it in some spot where, he says, it may lie long enough; but the never a word he'll tell Phil or me where it is; for, between you an' me, Peggy, he thinks there's dirty work somewhere among the chaps.

Let it be who it may, he's afeard there's somebody with too glib a tongue about the business."

"An' still they're goin' on with the poteen as hard as ever!" exclaimed Peggy.

"The most o' them is; for ye see, Para Bawn is the obstinatest man in Irelan', and the faster the stills is tuk, the more he'll stick to the work; he says he won't be baffled noways—and with him at their head, the boys won't give up. A good many have bought new stills in place o' them that was sazed on."

The illicit distillation now became more exciting than ever to those individuals who enjoyed "sprees." Frequent skirmishes took place between the police and the smugglers, the latter of whom sometimes were successful in driving off the enemy; but it was in unguarded moments, when the gauger and his men pounced down upon dwelling-houses where stills were secreted, that the officers of the law spread terror: the owners of these houses, whether they were men or women, if caught, were always taken off to jail; and cries of lamentation could be heard rending the air, as these misguided heads of families were borne from their children to undergo the punishment their guilt had incurred. The misery that Peggy Cross had, from the first, foreseen, was gradually extending over the neighborhood—upwards of twenty stills having already been seized. At length, the gloomy persuasion filled all minds, that a traitor was among the secret band. In no other way could the success of the revenue men be accounted for.

Never had winter progressed more drearily in the vicinity of Dring; desolation seemed to have entered almost every family. Peggy Cross was indefatigable in her efforts to alleviate the prevailing distress; and more than one young child, bereft of its parents, found a shelter under her roof; but the exertions of one charitable individual could not avail much. The wet harvest and the poteen business had indeed proved disastrous.

"Now comrades," spoke Paran Bawn one night to a body of his friends in his own kitchen; "if ye wish to give up the stills I've nothin' to say again' it, for we've all ondoubtedly got a heartscald by them. What I lost myself doesn't signify—merely one still an' a keg o' liquor; but it's what I blame myself for bringin' so many people into trouble; an' tho' I have plenty o' corn still on hands, I'm willin' to put an end to the whole traffic, because I know as well as I stand here, that there's an inimy an' a spy among us, let that wretch be man or woman!"

This announcement was followed by a silence that lasted some minutes. At length Owen Keegan answered:

"It's not worth while to go stop the business while we have so many stills yit; an' besides, maybe if we continue it, we'll have a chance ov catchin' the informer. What reward will we give him, Para, if we come across him?"

"The reward he deserves," replied Wafe, emphatically, glancing over the faces round him with a keen eye. "I'm the man that began the poteen work; an' I'm the man that 'll appoint the judgment on him or her that plays us false!"

In concluding this sentence, Para's eyes rested for an instant searchingly on the figure of Bat M'Govern, who suddenly raised his hand and pressed it on his forehead, as though a sudden pain had seized him.

"If I knew the ruffian that dared to bring sorrow into the neighborhood, I'd be willin' to see him shot!" continued Wafe, in renewed excitement.

"Death 'd be too good for him," replied Keegan; "he ought to be let live, to bear the disgrace that he has brought on himself and all belengin' to him! If I was to live a hundred years, I'd never put faith in the word ov a man or woman related to an informer!"

"Never!" repeated Para Bawn, striking his hand so loudly on the dresser, that cups and saucers all jingled in concert with a tremulous motion of plates and dishes. "He's worse than a thief an' a robber; he's the meanest ov all rascals!"

"There may be some excuse in temptation," said M'Govern, in a voice not quite steady; "nobody knows what can come over the heart ov man."

"No excuse at all!" shouted Para Bawn, fiercely. "Look at the desolation over the country; look at the starvin' childre, cryin' for their mothers an' fathers that's locked inside the walls o' Carrick jail; and then say where's the excuse for the villain that done the mischief! Oh, boys! give honor an' glory to them that's worthy ov it, but scorn an' hatched to them that deserves the like! We'll have no shillyshallyn' about it!"

There was a gloom over nearly every man present; an unpleasant feeling reigned in every bosom—suspicion was on the alert—on whom might it not fall? Who could regard himself safe from the horrible imputation? Who could venture to trust his neighbor? As each man pondered, the more enraged he felt against the traitor who had, in a measure, brought disgrace upon every member of the community. Regardless as these men might have been of the laws of the country, they yet had strong notions of an honor peculiar to themselves; the indi-

vidual who would have no scruples in cheating the revenue, would scorn to overreach his neighbor in the smallest matter.

"The thing is," said Para Bawn, after a lengthened silence, "I'll set a watch to thrack the inimy, an' so we may go to work in pace from this out, for I warrant no man 'll baffle me long. When I catch the traitor, won't he know his place!"

Now it so happened that somebody heard these words outside the kitchen door; for a listener stood trembling there, with clasped hands and a burning brow.

"Oh! wirra, what 'll become o' me?" was the exclamation that burst from the parched lips.

CHAPTER VI.

MISERY.

BAT M'GOVERN and Weeny Wafe had been attached since childhood, yet the stern nature of Para Bawn deterred the young man from speaking openly of his love. The farmer, with his riches and his pride, was indeed a formidable personage for a youth depending for his daily bread on the labor of his hands to think of proposing to, for his only daughter, and that daughter a creature of rare beauty. Had the girl not smiled upon him he would never have dared to think of her; but Weeny could not help seeing that he was by far the finest looking man in the neighborhood, and though poor, his family had been respectable, his grandfather having possessed a farm of thirty acres in the county Mayo, which gave him a sort of distinction among his companions. M'Govern was very proud; he had long dreaded the idea of a refusal from Wafe, if he hinted a word of wishing to marry his daughter; and thus, though Peggy Cross often asked why he didn't "spake out," and secure Weeny before any one else came and carried her off, he could not prevail on himself to try his fate. Often he wished in his secret heart that she was a poor girl without sixpence for her fortune.

About the time of the still-hunt a change suddenly came over M'Govern's manner to Weeny. Instead of being abashed, as latterly he had been in her company, he seemed to have grown bolder and more confident. Peggy Cross, at whose house they frequently met, was glad to observe that he was "takin' heart" at last, and she used to make sundry opportunities of letting them talk together, while she pretended to be busy about domestic matters, though all the time "she'd have an eye," as she said herself, "to see how they were comin' on." But to her dismay, Weeny herself seemed the stumbling-block now. In

proportion as M'Govern grew courageous, the girl became timid and nervous, evidently anxious to repel his advances, yet unwilling to speak her mind out abruptly. Pale and silent she would let him talk to her, sometimes raising her eyes to his face, with a look of sorrow and pity that might have touched a colder heart than his, but rarely answering him, except in a flurried, confused way, that puzzled Peggy considerably. The most curious part of the matter was, that Bat did not appear offended with Weeny, he that used formerly to be so shy in talking to her.

"Now, if Bat had come into a fortune," thought Peggy; "I could make somethin' of him growin' so bould, an Weeny so stand-off; but as it is, I can't come to a right notion o' them at all."

One evening while the young people were sitting in her cabin, Jane Mullins and her husband, the blacksmith, entered, and the conversation as usual turned upon the magic-like success of the revenue men in discovering stills during the past six weeks.

"There never was the like known afore," said Peter Mullins; "the ouldest man about the place says so. Some blames one, an' some another; but more thinks Granny Dunn's as likely a body to carry stories as any bein' in the country. Ye see she's in an' out ov every house, an' she hears what's goin' on in all places; an' don't ye think, Peggy Cross, that she'd do for a good spy?"

The color faded away from Weeny's cheek, till she looked ghastly white, as Mullins spoke; but no one observed her, as she sat in the shade, except the ever-watchful Peggy. Bat's eyes were resting on the ground.

"Let no one belie Granny Dunn!" said Peggy, stoutly. "Come, Weeny, you're not sayin' anythin'; what's your opinion ov the informin'?"

"Mine?" asked Weeny, starting and trembling; "it's my certain belief Granny Dunn has no call in it," she added in a faint tone.

Peggy gave a very searching look at the girl as she spoke, and a curious idea flashed through her brain; she turned her eyes on M'Govern, and he, too, looked paler than usual, with an uneasy expression of face. When the rest of her guests had departed, Peggy was determined to speak with Weeny alone, and so she commenced, —

"Now, Weeny, nobody a'most can deceiver me, an' more especially yourself, for I know every turn o' your face, and it's plain to me that yer mind isn't aisy regardin' the still-huntin'. I don't wonder one bit at that, seein' yer father's so much consarned in the poteen business, an' he must have a dale on his mind; but will ye tell me, child, why ye

grow as white as a sheet every time we spake o' them that's suspected ov informin'?"

This straight-forward inquiry sent the blood all rushing from the girl's heart; her head became giddy; she could not utter a single word.

"Weeny, asthore," continued Peggy, in a tone at once grave and sorrowful; "I've known ye, an' felt a frendship for ye, since I seen ye scarce bigger than a doll in the nurse's arms in the big house beyant, an' I'd expect a thrue answer from ye to whatever I'd ax ye. Do ye know anybody that's consarned in the informin'? for if ye do, tell it out, an' don't disgrace the father that owns ye by havin' any call to such a mane savage."

Silently the girl stood before her inquisitress, every nerve quivering, her breath coming and going in a gasping way that shocked Peggy; while she continued:

"I don't say it's a right thing to go again' the law; I have a heavy hatched to the mention o' poteen; but still I've a pity in my heart for the crathurs that's sthirvin' to keep their families together by such work, — hard work it is, — sittin' up all night like wild things, an' then havin' to do their day's labor afther all; an' so, I say to ye, Weeny Wafe, if ye know who the man or woman is that's the spy, don't keep it to yourself no longer. Why don't ye spake, child?"

Wildly tearing her arm away from the hand that Peggy had laid upon it, Weeny darted to the door.

"Stay a minnit, Weeny Wafe!" called out Peggy, looking dark and stern; "answer me one thing or another, or never cross yon threshold again!"

The girl gave a despairing look over the humble room where she had so often sat, resting her eye for a moment upon the simple pictures hanging on the walls; and then, without uttering a single sentence flung open the door and rushed out.

"It's as well!" she cried, as she hurried from the house of her once trusted friend; "it's as well first as last! Soon all must be known, an' I may as well hide myself at onst. Oh! musha, wouldn't I wish I was safe in my grave this night!"

The stars were glittering in a cloudless sky as the wretched girl hurried on, she cared not whither. Shrinking from entering the house of any former friend, she dreaded to return to her father's dwelling, where the silence of the rooms and her own superstitious feelings made her fear being alone. She dreaded to meet her father too. In that horrible hour Weeny Wafe would rather have been the lowest peasant at Dring, with a heart free from the load of shame that overwhelmed her, than what she felt herself to be.

CHAPTER VII.

GRANNY DUNN'S STORY.

WEENY had not long quitted Peggy's house when the door-latch was lifted, and Granny Dunn walked silently in. For some time Peggy was so much absorbed in her own thoughts, that she neither addressed the old woman nor observed that a cloud of more than usual heaviness hung upon her brow.

"There 'ill be quare work to-night, I'm thinkin'," said Granny after a lengthened silence.

"Where?" asked Peggy, starting round.

"No matter, it won't be without dasarvin'."

"Well, Granny, there's no use in droppin' hints that way, unless ye spake out plain," said Peggy, a little impatiently.

"Maybe not," resumed the old woman with provoking coolness; "but ill news comes time enough."

"Ye mightn't be makin' a body unaisy, then," said Peggy, who, being in an irritable humor, spoke a little sharply.

"Don't snap at me, Peggy Cross," said Granny, rather more mildly than usual; "don't let us part bad frinds, for this is the last night I'll ever ax a lodgin' in yer house."

"Why, what's goin' to happen?" asked Peggy, still unmollified.

"D'ye mind, Peggy, how I've got my hearin' wondherful this night?" resumed the wanderer; "ay, an' I've an appetite, that 'id ate all afore me if I'd get it. Well, them's all signs o' the grave. I know the grip o' death's on me."

"How's that, Granny, agra?" demanded Peggy, her tone becoming once again kind.

"I'm four score an' five years ov age last Hollentide," continued Granny; "an' it's time for me to be off—so, plase the Lord, I'll thravel back to my own counthry, an' lay my bones with my people that's berrid there. The morra I'm intendin' to lave Dring, never to see it more."

"Oh, with the help o' God, Granny, we'll have ye back in the spring," said Peggy cheerily.

The old woman shook her head.

"The daisies 'ill be peepin' over me then, Peggy."

A long silence ensued.

"I heerd the skreel o' the banshee last night over the whin bushes beyant Killogan," resumed Granny; "an' I knew it kem to warn me to go back to my people's counthry. Three an' twenty years ago I left it to beg the worl'; an' I never seen a sight ov it since."

"There isn't many belengin' to ye alive in it now then, I warrant, Granny," said Peggy, looking compassionately at her aged guest.

"Not one then; ten childre's lyin' together

in Shinrone berrin ground, an' the man himself along o' them; but it isn't o' that I'm thinkin' now; nor o' the agony o' death; nor o' the hardship I've gone through them years back; but ov a heavy sin I committed, Peggy, that priest nor mass mayn't be able to blot away in the sight o' God."

"What was it, Granny?" asked Peggy. "Maybe ye couldn't help it; many's the one takes a bit to ate now an' again, but it doesn't signify."

"It wasn't a bit to ate I took at all; I never stole as much as 'id blind yer eye from man or woman; the crime I spake ov was far worse."

Peggy's countenance assumed a grave cast—her thoughts reverted to the still-hunts.

"What's this you done, Granny?" she asked, in an agitated tone.

"I wronged a dyin' woman, Peggy," replied Granny, in a low voice.

"Who was she?"

"Mary Wafe, Para Bawn's wife."

"In what way?"

"You're a discreet woman, Peggy Cross," said Granny, clasping her hands round her knees, and lowering her head till her chin rested on her bosom; "an' I know ye never spake of what's tould ye in the wrong place; an' along o' that you've a friendship for Weeny Wafe, that 'ill keep you from givin' her a fret too sudden. So what I'm goin' to tell ye now ye may keep to yerself, till ye see fit to spake ov it—maybe when I'm in my grave. Listen a while then. When I first began beggin', there wasn't one as good to me as Mary Wafe—she an' I kem a'most from the one part o' the counthry, an' I used to know her when she was a child, an' that made her trust me more than anybody else about Dring—not a grief or a thought 'id cross her heart, but what she'd tell it to me; an' when the husband 'id thrate her like a ruffin, as he was, the sorra one 'id know it but me, if I chanced to be about the place. Aftther the child was born, I'd bring her charms, an' one thing or another for it, till she thought there was nobody like me; but faith the man himself couldn't bear the sight o' me; an' he used often to say I'd be the manes ov killin' the infant. Well, Peggy, what d'ye think, but one time, when I was on my travels, a good piece off, one summer's mornin', just nineteen years ago last June, I kem to a lonesome spot, for all the worl' like a place there 'id be fairies—an' it not above four o'clock—an' what did I see, but a wee infant, hangin' by its clothes to a thorny bush, over a brave sthrame o' water. I scrambled down till I got at it; an' when I tuk it up, I seen the life was in it, though that was all. Though I knew I might get into throuble by it, I couldn't find it in my heart to lave it there, so I car-

ried it away with me, and sthrove to put hate in it, till it began to stir an' move the wee hands—but there wasn't a house any place nearer than a mile, or more, an' I tuk it on till I kem to the nearest town, an' then I found I got far more charity, for the sake o' the infant, than ever I got afore. 'It isn't losin' I'll be on account ov it, anyhow,' says I to myself—an' I continued to keep it with me, clappin' it on my back, and carryin' it quite convaynient everywhere I went—an' it thrived well. Next time that I kem to Para Bawn's, I showed the little cratur to Mrs. Wafe, for the man himself was a great piece off at a fair, an' she was delighted with it, for it was the purtiest infant ever ye seen—but anyhow I brought her, that time, a bundle ov herbs for her own little one, an' she boiled them up the way she always done, an' gave a taycup full o' the medicine to her own child—when, glory on us! the poor wee thing tuk the convulsions, and died off in an hour."

"Shure that can't be, unless ye brought it to life again," said Peggy, interrupting the narrative.

"Wait till ye hear all. Well, then, we knew there must have been poison with the herbs—an' the poor mother fell to screechin' murther, like one deranged—but faith the most thing she dhreaded was the anger o' the husband when he'd come home—troth it overkem her own grief clane. There wasn't one in the house, but ourselves two, an' seein' her goin' cracked through the room, tearin' her hair, and cryin' out, 'Oh, I'll lose my life when Pat comes back! what 'ill I do at all!' I ups and says to her at last: 'Here, Mrs. Wafe, for the love o' marcy, take the foundlin' and lay it in the cradle, and no one 'ill be a whit the wiser, for I'll take the poor wee corpse where it 'ill be berrid safe.' So, faith, the fair terror o' the tyrant that owned her, made her be agreeable, an' she let me lay the foundlin' where her own child had slept not much more than an hour before; an' I took the corpse and hid it in the chist where she kept her Sunda' clothes, till evenin'."

"Granny, that story can't be thrue," said Peggy, shuddering; "it a'most turns me sick."

"As thrue as that my own bones 'ill soon lie in Shinrone graveyard," declared Granny, striking her forefinger three times slowly on the palm of her left hand. "My own two hands locked the corpse up in the chist, an' when night kem, I tuk it away an' had it berrid, where it 'ill lie till the judgment day."

"An' d'ye think I'd b'lieve that any woman 'id do the like with her own child, unless her heart was iron?" asked Peggy.

"Ye don't know what terror can bring the heart to," said Granny; "ye don't know how a bad husband can destroy the feelin's of any woman, an' make her lie, an' grow as

mane as the black slave in the islands beyant the says; he's the greatest curse undher God's sky! The unfortunate woman's head was a'most turned anyhow, an' she raved, an' ranted, an' jumped to the top o' the bed like mad, till I had to hould her down with fair force; an' all the time I darn't let any one into the room; but afther a couple ov days she went off into a kind ov stupor—though the fear o' the man never left her heart—an' she'd moan ahead like one in rale agony. All the time, I attended both her an' the livin' infant in the cradle, an' I dhressed it in the dead child's clothes—thinkin' to myself, that shure if I was the manes of killin' one child, I saved the life of another. When Para Bawn kem home, the sorra much he cared about his wife bein' so ill, but he was cracked entirely to get a sight o' the child; but I'd always baffle him one way or another, puttin' the blame on the oddity o' the mother, till he never laid eyes on it for a month, and more; an' then, all at wost, Mrs. Wafe kem to the point o' death, an' when she was near departin', she tould me she wanted to see the husband; but, guessin' what she wanted with him, I didn't do her biddin', Peggy, asthore, but decaived her, when the very dew o' death was over her face, an' never brought Para Bawn to her till the breath was all but gone, an' the rattle growin' wake in her throat."

Peggy covered her face with her hands, for some minutes unable to utter a word, while the old woman continued:

"So Para Bawn never knew that his child was dead, an' the foundlin' lived as his daughter, under his roof, from that day to this."

"Granny, ye done wrong!" at last exclaimed Peggy, indignation coloring her sal-low cheek. "What's to come ov Weeny when she hears the truth—if the truth's in it at all? It's not possible to allow such decaivin' to go on. Oh! poor child, it 'id be better if ye had left her to perish among the rocks, where ye picked her up!"

"Stay, Peggy," said Granny, extending her long arm till her hand touched Peggy's shoulder; "maybe Weeny 'ill thank God yit, that she isn't Para Bawn's child; whisper."

Peggy bent her head till it was on a level with Granny's face, and then the old woman spoke a few words in her ear which made her turn pale and utter a faint "My God!"

Para Bawn sat alone in his dreary home, with black beetles crawling up the kitchen walls, and crickets chirping by the hearth. The fire was smouldering, the air damp and chill, a gale was blowing from the north, and a hollow moaning swept down the narrow staircase leading from the rooms above. Wafe felt a strange nervousness that night—a pre-

sentiment of evil was over him—and so he sat, as if watching for something, he knew not what, with a dull cloud on his face. The something came at last near the midnight hour—a knock at the outer door—a boy with perspiration standing on his hot brow—uttering, in the twinkling of an eye, these words—

“Bat tould ye to run for yer life this very minnit, as fast as you can!”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRE.

MORE than once in her life, when her mind was ill at ease, had Weeny passed the night in the open air, sitting out in wild spots away from human habitation. Strangely brought up, and rarely happy, this young girl had passed a lonely childhood, but never before had she felt such anxiety as had tortured her for the last few weeks. The interview which had just occurred between herself and Peggy Cross awoke feelings of acute misery, and climbing to a steep height, where furze and bramble grew thickly, she sat there for hours, being at length roused to a sense of her imprudence by the heavy tramp of feet below; this alarmed her; and her eye having grown accustomed to the starlight, she sought to discover the cause of the sounds. Leaning over the height, and endeavoring to conceal herself as well as she could, she dimly beheld a crowd of men hurrying by, all armed with weapons of some sort, which they now and then brandished with threats of vengeance. Such sights had of late grown common enough at Dring—fights between the still-owners and the police being frequent—but Weeny thought she heard a name shouted out with demoniac rage, that made her tremble. It was the name of Para Bawn. The crowd marched swiftly on; their tramping dying away in the distance. Then the girl arose and stood upright, gazing as far as her eye could penetrate, scarcely breathing all the while. How long she stood there she knew not, the time seemed passing in a dream, when high in the air a tongue of flame shot up with sudden fury in the direction of her gaze. Another, and another followed, till a lurid glare of fire seemed to tint the very sky.

“O father!” she cried, clasping her hands, as she sprang wildly down the crag, and away, like a frantic creature, towards Para Bawn’s house. Soon she arrived within a distant view of the burning mass. Her old home was fast demolishing, and a hoarse roar like the rush of the ocean in a storm, filled all the air.

“Save my father, save him!” she shrieked, flinging herself fearlessly among the body of infuriated men, who were watching the de-

struction they had created. “Let him live for God’s sake, an’ throw me in the flames if ye like!”

“Stand away, Weeny,” said Owen Keegan, who, though one of the fiercest there, was yet not ungentle in his tone to the wretched girl; “this isn’t any place for you; yer father’s escaped, though he didn’t deserve it; nobody wants to harm the innocent, so you needn’t be afraid, but keep back. Fire the truf-stack boys! whew! there it goes!”

And now a broader sheet of flame spread itself through the air, out-houses sharing the common fate, while the shrieks of cattle rose above the din of crashing timber and the hollow roar of the devouring element. But Weeny heard no more; consciousness forsook her, and she sank senseless into the arms of one who was present merely for her sake, lest aught of injury might befall her.

Bat M’Govern had refused to take part in the revenge thus wreaked upon Para Bawn, for foul treachery, and he was very nearly falling a victim himself to the fury of the enraged band, when his courage alone saved him from a violent end. They saw it was not cowardice that held him back from aiding in the work of destruction when no threat of instant death could compel him to alter his determination. His firm words, “There, boys, ye may shoot me, but I’ll never raise a hand to commit murder, or set fire to any man’s house,” together with his noble bearing and unflinching eye, struck admiration into every man.

“I knew how it ’id be!” cried Keegan; “the chap thinks too much o’ the ruffian’s daughter, to turn again’ the father. Come lads, lave him alone, maybe we’d all be as foolish if we was in his place;” and so every man’s arm was stayed.

All night the fire raged. The dawn of the winter morning found Para Bawn’s house a blackened shell, filled with charred remnants of rafters, great lumps of cinders, kettles and saucepans molten into strange shapes by the fervor of the flames. But the large turf-stack at the rear of the dwelling was burning still. For two days and a night that huge pile of firing smouldered sullenly on, emitting a dull, oppressive smoke.

How was it discovered that Para Bawn himself was the informer, who betrayed the men whom he had beguiled to their destruction?

Bat M’Govern, by a skill in physiognomy which he possessed in a remarkable degree, had long suspected that Wafe was the traitor, and each day various little circumstances which would not have attracted any one not on the watch, strengthened his surmises. Unwilling, however, to bring such a frightful accusation against the father of the

girl he loved, he never breathed a word of his suspicions. Every one was convinced that a spy was among the band, and if they chose to carry on their dangerous practices in defiance of this knowledge they did it at their peril; besides M'Govern had received no actual proof of Wafe's guilt. But what roused the suspicion of Owen Keegan upon the subject was a simple occurrence. Para Bawn and he were at a fair in a town about eight miles from Dring, and while standing together, the gauger's right-hand man, an individual well known to the still-owners, passed, and giving a wink and a knowing nod saluted Para Bawn with a familiar "how are you, Pat?" Keegan turned his keen eye on the culprit, and beheld that he never raised his head, or pretended to see the formidable person who had accosted him, though it was nearly impossible that such could be the case. Without pretending to have noticed any thing remarkable, Owen said nothing on the subject to Wafe, who seemed "thick," as Keegan expressed it, for the rest of the day. Determined to sift the affair to the bottom, Owen employed a *ruse*. Late that evening he repaired to the gauger's abiding place, and affecting an air of secrecy and confidence, asked if Pat Wafe had told him that the "boys" were to meet at Killogan Pass that night. "No," said the gauger, promptly, "he said the next place would be Clarragh." "Well, he sent me to tell ye to come on to Killogan anyhow," said Keegan, "about one o'clock this night;" and then he went off, leaving the gauger without a doubt that he was an emissary from the right source. To Killogan Pass a party of the revenue, accordingly marched, with the gauger at their head, and here they encountered rather more than they bargained for, Keegan having assembled nearly thirty stout young fellows all armed to the teeth, who sprang upon the police from an ambush, succeeded in driving off the men, and capturing the gauger, whom they ducked unmercifully in a stream. They extorted from their prisoner, by threats of a violent death on one hand, and promises of release on the other, the whole history of Wafe's treachery, and the next night it was resolved to wreak vengeance on the informer. Lest a whisper of this determination might reach Wafe, Keegan and his confederates, who were all young and daring, preserved great secrecy, and it was only when Bat M'Govern was called upon to give his aid in the terrible work, about half-an-hour before midnight, that he was made acquainted with the proceedings contemplated. It was intended to burn Para Bawn in his house; but M'Govern defeated this scheme by despatching one of his nephews, whom he knew he

could trust, to warn the wretch to fly, thus saving him from a frightful end.

CHAPTER IX.

THE JOURNEY AND THE HALTING PLACE.

THE remainder of that terrible night Weeny had passed at the Mullins' house in the hamlet, M'Govern having borne her there when she fainted. Much kindness was shown her by the blacksmith's wife, whose compassion for her was only equalled by her horror of Para Bawn's iniquity. Weeny had long looked upon herself as degraded by her father's dishonesty, which she had been aware of for some weeks, and the dreadful denouement which had now taken place was scarcely more terrible to her than the feeling of suspense she had of late experienced. Even if her parent's treachery and cruelty were to remain forever unknown to the world, she would have felt that a dark blot rested upon her as the child of such a man; but now what was to become of her? How could she bear to be pointed at in scorn as the daughter of the informer? Where could she run to hide herself from every eye! More than all, how could she show her face in the light of day to the lover, who must feel ashamed that he ever thought of her? Such feelings as these racked her mind all the remainder of the night. She knew that her father must be ruined; she had long known that his debts were heavy and his means of paying them doubtful; now he must be beggared, and she must endeavor to work for her own livelihood, if indeed she could live on, so humiliated as she was. Before break of day she had determined upon a plan for the future. When one bitter sacrifice was completed, and the neighborhood of her childhood abandoned forever, she would breathe more freely. While Mrs. Mullins was yet sleeping, and the hamlet lying in the hush of night, with the stars still beaming in the sky, she arose softly, and left the house. Without a shilling in her pocket, she was determined to commence a journey of many miles, and so she set forth. Long acquainted with remote parts of the country, there was scarcely a glen or nook where the smugglers had been wont to assemble for their nightly work that she did not know; often she had watched them, unperceived, from some wild crag, as they sat round the fires; often she had wished that they could have been warned of the danger threatening them. The direction she now took was eastward, and she walked on rapidly till she had gone so far, that she hoped there was no chance of her meeting any familiar face, when she sat down to rest by the wayside. She had not been

long there when a well known figure appeared to her, coming down a hill which she herself had lately descended. There was no mistaking this figure; it was that of Granny Dunn, already on her travels since peep of day. She would have endeavored to avoid the old woman by rising and pursuing her way, but the latter was too quick for her.

"Stay where ye are, Weeny!" she called out, shaking her stick at her; "stay where ye are, till I come up to ye," and quickening her pace, she was soon beside the girl.

"Now, where are ye goin'?" she asked.

"Away down to my mother's people," replied Weeny.

"That's down near Shinrone, agra; an' as I'm goin' the same road myself, we may travel together, though I warrant I'll make the best walker o' the two. It isn't the first time we went through the country in company with other."

"Not to my knowledge, Granny," said Weeny.

"Well, I don't say it is; you'd scarce remember twenty year ago. Howsomever, my little jewel, ye often took a cosy nap tied up in the hood on my back!"

"Maybe so," said Weeny, abstractedly.

"Para Bawn's house was burnt last night," continued Granny, "but he tuk good care to be out ov it himself. I'll warrant he'll never come back."

"Granny, don't say any thing against my father," said the girl coloring; "I know he done wrong, but still I don't want to hear it from any one else."

"An' what's bringin' ye away out ov Dring?"

"Shame an' grief."

"An' did the boy that pretinded he loved ye when he thought you were rich an' grand, let ye lave him that way?"

"He didn't know it; I'm goin' to see what my mother's people can do for me; maybe they'd hire me for a maid."

"Maybe so," said Granny, shortly; "ye needn't expect much from them when they know you're in want."

"I'll be willin' to do any thing honest for my livin'," said the humbled girl; "though I never done much in my life yit."

"Yer able to do a dale," said Granny, ironically, as she eyed the slender form of her companion.

"Well, Granny, if I can't work much I can live almost upon nothing," said Weeny, smiling faintly.

Here the conversation ended for some time. All the day they travelled without cessation, except when Granny stopped at houses on the way for alms, saving Weeny the trouble of asking any thing for herself;

and sometimes they got a lift upon a cart, which bore them comfortably along. Before the day closed in they arrived at a lonely spot which seemed to interest Granny. Ascending some rocks she led Weeny on till they stood over a brawling stream, rushing, swollen, and frothy, far below them.

"That's a sup o' the broad Shannon;" said the old woman, thoughtfully. "Look at it, Weeny, an' see if it isn't a desolate lookin' place for a body to be drowned in."

"It is so," said Weeny, shuddering.

"An' yit I seen it onst on a summer's mornin' as pacible as glass, with the sun flashin' on it like bars ov goold, an' a wee fairy child lyin' down near it as if it had dropp'd from the sky," resumed Granny, but Weeny was not attending to her words. Fatigue and dread of the coming darkness oppressed her; her feet were blistered and swollen; her heart faint. Much more weary walking followed, and then more driving on jolting carts, till it was nearly ten o'clock.

"We'll stop for the night when we get to John Carolin's house," said Granny; "he never turns a thraveller from the door, no matter what hour they come; an' they get the best ov thratement."

Very glad, indeed, was Weeny, when this hospitable dwelling was reached. It was a substantial farm-house, with a high slanting roof newly thatched, white walls, shining windows, and an air of neatness and plenty all round it. Granny's summons at the door was answered by immediate admittance, and a hearty welcome from the woman who seemed to hold highest rank in the large kitchen, where Weeny and her aged companion were allowed seats at a very ample fire. Numerous domestics occupied this kitchen—some of whom were knitting, others spinning or carding wool; but the workmen who had done a hard day's labor in the fields were now rejoicing in idleness, lounging against the large hobs of the grate, some half asleep, some smoking. Much good-humor and cheerfulness prevailed here. But in the parlor a solitary man was sitting by himself reading. John Carolin lived "his lone," to the surprise of many who wondered he did not provide himself with a wife, as he was a handsome man, scarcely past his fortieth year.

CHAPTER X.

PURSUIT.

THE strange story, which Granny Dunn had told Peggy Cross made an extraordinary impression upon her mind, and before allowing the old woman to retire to rest, she gathered from her several particulars relating to her discovery of the foundling, which

set her thinking and hoping. Before day-break the following morning Granny had left her house; but she had learned enough from her to give rise to a startling but not very improbable surmise. In the midst of her dreams news reached her that Para Bawn's house was burnt, his cattle lost, he himself a fugitive. It did not surprise her, Granny having imparted to her the information the previous night, that such a punishment was contemplated for his newly discovered treachery.

"Where's Weeny?" she asked of Bat M'Govern, who brought the news to her.

"That's what I came to ask yourself," he replied. "I thought maybe she had come to stop with you."

"Oh, no," cried the woman, shure I hunted her from the house last night, an' tould her never to cross the threshold again, an' I'm afeared she's run out o' the place entirely."

"If so," said M'Govern, "we had best follow her, Peggy; nobody knows what may happen her goin' her lone through the country this way, an' I'd have you come yerself with me; she can't be far gone yit."

"I'll go willin'," replied Peggy; "but first answer me one thing, Bat. Are ye shure you'll wish to marry her still, an' she the child ov such a father, even if she'll agree to take ye?"

"Ay," said Bat, "without a thought ov dhravin' back; the worl' might go against her, but she'd only be the more to me."

"An' what would yer people say?"

"What they'd like; I'd remain with the same intintion."

"An' you'd make her yer wife without a halfpenny ov fortune?"

"Now, Peggy, there's no use in sich cross-questionin'; ye ought to know me better than to think any thing in life could change me against Weeny Wafe."

"Very good," said Peggy, compressing her lips.

"And now, let us come on an' see where did she go to;" said the young man impatiently, "we oughtn't to lose a minnit."

Peggy had some preparations to make before setting out on her search; she had a few papers so long hid in a secret spot to collect, which she tied up and put in her pocket; and there was a wedding ring, real gold too, which she drew from a little box, and placed upon her own finger to carry it safely; together with other little tokens of the past which had been confided to her keeping years ago by one very dearly loved, all of which she conveyed away on her person unknown to M'Govern, to whom she did not wish to confide more than was necessary just at present. Making inquiries everywhere, they learned that Weeny had been

seen, by some of those individuals who see every thing, in company with Granny Dunn, going in a certain direction which they determined to follow. The alms-seeking of the beggar-woman served as a clue to her movements, and for some time they found little difficulty in tracing her; but soon they became more puzzled, and at length when evening set in, found themselves going quite astray. Peggy declared she was not now uneasy since she knew the girl was not travelling alone; but Bat lost nothing of his ardor in the pursuit, and would willingly have continued it up to a late period of the night, had not Peggy considered it prudent for them to halt at an inn at about eight o'clock.

The next day snow covered the earth—all without looked wild and dreary.

"Now," said Peggy, "I don't think it's possible for any one to travel this day on foot; an', at any rate, Bat, we needn't be in such a hurry lookin' for Weeny, when we know she's goin' on down to Shinrone with Granny Dunn. We'll be shure to hear ov her there. But there's a place I'd like to go to, about ten mile from this, where I've business; an', if you've no objections, we'll take a car at this inn, an' dhrive down to it. It's not to say out of our way, either, for it's all on the road to Shinrone, though it mayn't be the same that Granny goes."

Now, Bat did not like this proposal by any means. He would have preferred walking, and stopping at houses to make inquiries; but Peggy was very determined; and though he argued and remonstrated, nothing would move her. She declared it was of the highest importance that they should visit this mysterious locality—and yet she would not tell the youth wherefore.

They were soon seated on a jaunting car, going at a swift pace through the snow, which lay thickly on the ground, Bat looking very much in "the dumps," and Peggy rather anxious and nervous. Neither of them spoke during the whole drive, which lasted about two hours, before they halted at an iron gate leading to an enclosure where stood a dwelling-house of goodly dimensions, all covered with snow. Peggy now jumped off the car, desiring Bat to wait there till she should return. She approached the house hesitatingly, and paused for more than a minute ere she ventured to rap at it. Then he beheld her raise the knocker; then the door was opened; and, after a short delay, she disappeared within.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LAST.

WE return to Weeny and her aged companion. Although a man much beloved and

respected for his benevolence and upright character, John Carolin was yet considered a little eccentric. Since he had come into possession of his property, one room in his house had always been allotted for the use of any wanderer who might be in want of a night's lodging; and to prevent any risk from thieves who might apply for such shelter under false pretences, the individuals who arrived at night were generally locked up in their sleeping-room, and the door barred on them to prevent their egress till morning. Granny Dunn, however, being well known for years, was not subjected to such indignity. She and Weeny were given a warm supper before retiring from the kitchen, and the latter did not wonder at her companion's admiration of that "full house." The profusion of food, fire, and candle-light was marvellous; yet there was only great plenty, not waste. Large flitches of bacon and well-smoked hams depended from the kitchen roof and filled the ample chimney; the dairy was well supplied, even at that inclement season, with milk and butter; and there was no lack of beef or mutton in the larder. Clean and airy were the rooms of the house, some being even carpeted and neatly papered; and an old-fashioned book-case, filled with quaint volumes, adorned the parlor.

Carolin was a wealthy man. He drove his jaunting-car or rode a well-fed horse whenever he chose. He had travelled abroad, and brought new agricultural fashions into his country; yet he was not contented. A blight had fallen upon his youth, and he passed a lonely, desolate existence—sometimes envying the happiness of his poorest workmen, who, after their daily toil, saw merry faces round their humble hearths.

When the travellers entered their sleeping room, Granny imparted to Weeny various pieces of information relative to their host's past and present life, telling her, in whispered tones, how it was reported in the neighborhood that he had married when only a "gossoon," and that the girl he chose was a poor servant girl, one Ally Cross, who died while wandering about begging through the country, because his father, who did not know of the match, sent John away to England; and the poor girl was afraid to say she was his lawful wife.

"Anyhow," said Granny, "they say that's the reason he's so good to the poor, an' that he never turns a wandherin' woman from the house."

Had Weeny been in possession of her usual brightness of intellect, she might have connected this story with the one which Peggy Cross told her a few weeks ago; but, as it was, her mind was so absorbed with her

own wretchedness, she could think of nothing else. Her father's infamy, and the separation from her lover, which she determined should be forever, were dwelt upon all night in anguish. No tear came to relieve her burning brain: all was scorching, burning misery. No wonder that she was ill next morning—her head throbbing, her limbs aching. She could not rise from her bed; and Granny got permission for her to remain under Carolin's roof for that day. The hours passed hazily to her; excitement had given place to stupor, and she lay in a state of demi-consciousness that could not be called repose. Evening came on, and then a heavier stupor, with rare flashes of wakefulness to passing events. Figures gliding noiselessly in and out of the room, a glare of candlelight seeming occasionally to increase to the intensity and brilliancy of fire—confusion of brain—dimness of perception. Is it a dream, or does a familiar and dearly loved face really bend over her in that sick bed? Do tender hands smooth her pillow? does a motherly voice whisper words of endearment to her—words which she vainly strives to answer? Can she be dying, and are these visions passing before her departing spirit? No, poor child—all is reality: a friend who loves you as a mother is there watching over you: a father is there, too, praying that you may be spared to him—a father, honest, respected, prepared to love you more than his own life; it is his voice you hear murmuring,

"God preserve you, my daughter, to your long sorrowing parent!"

Oh! precious return of consciousness after days of gloom and stupor, was it not a foretaste of the eternal waking from the darkness of the grave when the spirit rejoices forever? So Weeny felt it when she clasped Peggy Cross in her wasted arms, and wept upon her bosom; so she felt it when gently told the strange story of her own birth, and that the honored master of that house was her real father, free from stain of dishonor; so she felt it clearer, brighter still, when without feeling of shame she could give her promise to M'Govern, with her father's consent, to be his for life. John Carolin was determined that his child should wed the man of her choice. Happy were the young lovers at last. Happy the father who, for nineteen years, had lived a broken-hearted man mourning the wife he had secretly wedded, and miserably lost, while lying on a sick bed in another land. Happy the long afflicted sister and aunt, who for years had looked upon herself as the cause of infanticide. All were happy, and old Granny blessed them ere she set forth for the spot where her bones were to lie with those of her departed hus-

band and children, in the burial ground of Shinrone.

"Father," said Weeny, as she and Carolin sat in the window looking at the snow flakes hanging on the bushes outside, "can nothin' be done for Para Bawn? He must be very badly off, and my heart's sorry for him. Remember, father, that he gave me food and shelter for near twenty years, an' I ought to do somethin' for him now. If you'd write to Father Gilligan, maybe we'd find out where he's hid, for him and the priest was great always; he never missed payin' his dues regular."

"I'll do what I can for him," replied Carolin, laying his hand on his fair child's head; "but it's plain he must leave the

country, he can never live in his own neighborhood again."

With the assistance of Peggy Cross, who was acquainted with some of Wafe's near relatives, a communication was conveyed to him, that a sum of money would be placed at his disposal to compensate in some measure for the losses he had sustained, together with the extraordinary information, that Weeny was not his daughter, which perhaps relieved him of a considerable burthen.

What became of him finally was never accurately known; but for years his treachery was talked of at Dring, and the stranger was pointed out the sinister looking ruins of what had once been the dwelling place of the informer.

JUNIUS, BOYD, AND LORD MACARTNEY.—In 1800, George Chalmers published *An Appendix to the Supplemental Apology for the Believers in the Supposititious Shakspeare Papers: being the Documents for the Opinion that Hugh M'Auley Boyd wrote Junius' Letters*. In a presentation copy "From the Author to Lord Macartney, as a mark of his sincere respect," is the following MS. note signed M., and most probably written by his Lordship himself:—

"Great industry, research, ingenuity, and critical sagacity are displayed in this treatise, and afford very plausible grounds for the opinion which Mr. Chalmers has formed. But a variety of circumstances prevents me from adopting it. Having been shut up in a small packet with Mr. Boyd during a four months' passage to India without once letting go our anchor, I had frequent opportunities of sounding him depth, and of studying and knowing him well. He was strongly recommended to me by some of my friends, among whom I wished to oblige; but previous to my Indian appointment, though I knew many of Mr. Boyd's connections and relations, I was not personally acquainted with him. I do not say that he was incapable of writing to the full as well as Junius; but I say I do not by any means believe that he was the author of Junius."

"Mr. Boyd had many splendid passages of Junius by heart, as also of Mr. Burke's parliamentary speeches and political pamphlets, the style of all which he knew how to imitate. He was also a great admirer of Sterne, and often affected his manner in his private letters, and not unsuccessfully. The Whig and Antrim Freeholders seem rather to be imitations of Junius than productions of the same pen. Mr. Chalmers' argument would be stronger if any performance of Mr. Boyd previous to the appearance of *Junius* could be found, which indicated that Junius might be expected from such a writer."

"As far as I can venture to form an opinion upon the subject of Junius, I should think Mr. Dyer to have been the principal author."

"M."

The person noticed by Lord Macartney is Samuel Dyer, the friend and associate of the literati of the last century. Malone is the first, probably, who asserted that Dyer was the author of *Junius' Letters*.

—Notes and Queries.

J. Y.

LORD HAILES.—Lord Hailes was punctilious as to propriety of expression, especially in judicial proceedings; and hence, in a *jeu d'esprit* of James Boswell's, well known in its day, called the "Court of Session Garland," in which the judges then on the Bench are satirized, it is said:—"To judge in this case," says Hailes, "I don't pretend,

For justice I see wants the e at the end."

I have been lately shown a copy of a note of his Lordship in a cause which depended before him. It is in the following terms, and seems to indicate that the joke of Boswell was not much misapplied:—

"The Lord Ordinary, observing that in the writing entitled, 'Answers for Messrs. Pringle & Hamilton,' and in the writing entitled, 'Answers for the Creditors of Nathaniel Agnew,' an innovation is attempted to be introduced into the Scottish Alphabet by the use of the letter 'z' instead of 's,' appoints the said writings to be withdrawn, and to be copied over and replaced in common orthography; in respect that this innovation if yielded to, may in the course of a few years produce a total change in the form of letters, and render the writing of one age unintelligible to another."

Edinburgh.

G.

—Notes and Queries.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

A VISIT TO CHARLES DICKENS, BY
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

A FASHION introduced into this country by our American brethren appears to be spreading on the continent. A man can hardly attain a decent amount of literary celebrity ere a chiel's among his household taking notes, and faith he'll print them. The last and most striking instance of this nature is supplied by the Danish poet Hans Christian Andersen, who having spent a portion of 1857 at Charles Dickens' hospitable house at Gadshill, has recently put forth his experiences among some other sketches, which go to form an unpretending volume. A scamper through the paper may afford some amusement to our readers.

M. Andersen had already visited England on several occasions, and was, therefore, bold enough to reach the Higham station alone. But no carriage was to be procured there, and hence our author ascended the hill accompanied by a porter, who carried his luggage. It must have been a charming walk through this portion of the garden of England, which never looks better than in the month of May. And here for Gadshill-place itself:

"Before me lay on the broad high road Dickens' country-house, whose tower with its gilded weathercock, I had seen for some time over the tops of the trees. It was a handsome new house, with brick walls and a projecting entrance, supported by small pillars; a thick hedge of cherry trees joined the house, in front of which was a carefully tended grass plot, in the rear two splendid cedar trees, whose crooked branches spread their green shade over a garden fenced in with ivy and wild grape. As I entered the house Dickens came to meet me, so happy, so cordial; he looked somewhat older than when we parted ten years before, but this was partly owing to the beard he wore; his eyes glistened as formerly, the same smile played round his mouth, the same clear voice sounded so cheerily, even more affectionately than heretofore. Dickens was now in his best years, so youthful, lively, eloquent, and rich in humor, through which the warmest cordiality ever shone. I cannot find more characteristic words to describe him than a quotation from the first letter I wrote home. 'Select the best of Charles Dickens' works, form from them the image of a man, and you have Dickens.' Just as he stood before me in the first hour, he remained unchanged during all the weeks I passed with him, ever jovial, merry, and sympathizing.

Our author had frequently heard it remarked that Agnes, in "David Copperfield," was a likeness of Mrs. Dickens; and he believes that no other character in all his writings resembles her so much for her kindness and amiability as this very Agnes. M. Andersen found in Mrs. Dickens a calm, femi-

nine, and retiring nature; but when she spoke, her large gentle eye assumed a peculiar brilliancy, a good-humored smile played round her mouth, and in the sound of her voice was something so attractive, that, since the meeting, M. Andersen has always imagined Agnes to himself as possessed of these attributes. Equally characteristic is the description of the room in which the family breakfasted: the large windows were festooned with fragrant roses, and the prospect was varied and extensive. A good portrait of Cromwell hung over the mantelpiece, and among the other pictures was one which our author specially noticed. It depicted a carriage, in which two ladies are seated, deep in the perusal of a copy of "Bleak House." The little groom behind was bending forward, and eagerly reading the work.

In a letter of invitation Charles Dickens sent to Andersen, he wrote: "I have now finished 'Little Dorrit,' and am a free man. We shall be always together, and play at cricket in the field." But these calculations were foiled by the death of Douglas Jerrold, and the necessary arrangements for securing the future comfort of his widow. M. Andersen furnishes a detailed account of all the performances instituted, but on which we need not dwell, as few of our readers, we trust, have forgotten the efforts made by the most eminent literary men in this most sacred cause. It, however, took Dickens more frequently than usual to London, and robbed the guest of his host's society. Very pleasant, though, must have been their country walks, and the philological discussions they held on the resemblance between the English and Danish languages, and of which our author gives some amusing instances. Take, for instance, the following sentence: "Der er en Græsshoppe in den Høstak," which Dickens at once triumphantly translated as a "grasshopper in the haystack." Or here, again, is a pleasant sketch enough of a family group:

"More and more I felt at home; even the younger children began to understand and attach themselves to me. Dickens has no less than nine children, two grown-up daughters and seven sons. The two eldest and two youngest were at home, and the three middle boys had just returned for the holidays from Boulogne, where they were at school. I soon saw them climbing up the branches of the lofty cedars, or playing a game of cricket in the large meadow, with father and elder brothers, in shirt-sleeves; the ladies sat beneath the trees in the tall grass; peasant children peered over the hedge, and the house-dog, Turk, who was chained up the night through, was now unfastened, and led a free doggish existence, while his long chain and kennel were left to the care of an old raven, who certainly considered himself the Barnaby Rudge's

raven of the family. That bird, by the way, might be seen in-doors, stuffed."

The dramatic entertainments necessitated a visit to the town-house in Tavistock-square, which M. Andersen describes in the most enthusiastic language. A large garden, with grass-plots and tall trees, lies behind the house, and imparting a rustic character to the scene. In the passage hung pictures and copperplate engravings; here was Dickens' bust, a capital likeness, young and handsome; and over the door leading to the sleeping apartments and the dressing-room were Thorwaldsen's bas-reliefs of "Day and Night." On the first floor was a copious library, and, in the rear of that again, the small theatre where Dickens was wont to perform in the winter with his family.

There was plenty for M. Andersen to see. In the first place, the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, the prominent reminiscence he has borne away from which is the puffed-out crinolines of the ladies, which seemed prepared to wing their way to London like balloons. But what pleased him still more was the performance of Ristori at the Lyceum. Our author is enthusiastic in her praise, though he also quotes the verdict of a clever lady, who said that the Ristori reminded her too greatly of the epileptic boy in Raphael's Transfiguration—one eternal ecstasy. And here for a pleasant bit of biography:

"We are aware that Ristori is the daughter of poor travelling Italian artistes, and it is also said that, when an infant, she lay behind the scenes in a basket while her mother was playing. She herself made her appearance on the boards at an early age, in Turin; and it was here, too, that her extraordinary talent was first noticed. Presently she married an Italian noble, whose family did not like a daughter-in-law from the stage, but, by her amiability, she conquered all their hearts. When financial motives compelled her return to the stage, she was accompanied by her husband to Paris, where her greatness was speedily recognized. She alone held the sceptre of the tragic muse, and the Rachel proceeded to America. Her fame soon spread to adjacent countries, and England and Germany followed the example of France in homage and delight. Signora Ristori has a splendid theatrical figure, noble features, sparkling eyes, and a mimic which appears to me too powerful, and only permissible in the ballet, where action is employed instead of words. The transitions were so violent that only the truth of the talent rendered them pardonable. At first I could not accuse myself to them; but in the concluding scene, after she has poisoned her treacherous husband, and drunk the cup to the dregs herself, when she begs the priests to sound their harps, there was something so attractive, so affecting in her gestures, that I was forced to bend low before the might of the *tragédienne*."

More satisfactory in every respect was Ristori's reading of *Lady Macbeth*, which M. Andersen went twice to see. It affords him occasion, too, for a comparison with the performance at the princess's, where he saw the opening night of "The Tempest." He allows that it was incomparably fine; but he went empty away after the performance was over. Shakspeare became an illustrated petrification; the living word evaporated, the mental food was lacking; it was forgotten in gazing on the golden plate upon which it was presented. Another thing, too, that offended M. Andersen's artistic sense was the inferiority of the performers: *Caliban* was clever, and *Ariel* pretty, but that was all. Kean himself droned through the piece. To sum up in a word, M. Andersen prefers Shakspeare artistically acted in a barn to such a disappearance of the text behind scenery. We have not space to follow M. Andersen through all the wonders of London; he is equally amazed with the Museum as with the *Times* printing-office. But we must find space for one characteristic excerpt:—

"The richest lady in England is Miss Burdett Coutts, to whom Dickens dedicated his 'Martin Chuzzlewit.' Her fortune is said to be fabulously large, but the most glorious thing connected with it is, that she is at the same time one of the noblest and most benevolent ladies in the world: not only has she built several churches, but she provides, like a reasonable and Christian woman, for the poor, the ailing, and the oppressed: her house in London is visited by the richest and most respected persons. On my first stay at Gadshill I met there an elderly lady dressed in black and another younger; they remained a week there, and were most amiable, straightforward, and kind; we walked together up to the monument; I drove with them to Rochester, and when they quitted us the younger lady said that I must stay at her house when I visited London. From Dickens I learned that she was Miss Coutts; he spoke with the utmost veneration of her, and of the glorious Christian use to which she applied her enormous fortune; I should have an opportunity of seeing an English mansion appointed with all possible wealth. I visited her, and it was not the rich pictures, the bedizened language, the palatial resources, which imparted to the house grandeur and a peculiar brilliancy, but the noble, feminine, amiable Miss Coutts herself, she offered such a simple and touching contrast to her richly attired servants. She had noticed that I felt the cold while in the country; it was not yet thoroughly warm, hence a fire burned cheerily in my chimney. How comfortable I felt there! There were books, cozy arm-chairs, sofas, and recco furniture, and from the windows a prospect over the garden of Piccadilly and the Green Park. Close to London are Miss Coutts' country-house and garden: here are long alleys of rhododendrons, which shook their blue petals over the

carriage in which I was seated; here were magnificent cedars and rare exotics, while the hot-houses were filled with tropical vegetation. From all these splendors the owner led me to a small kitchen garden, where she seemed fondest of being; it seemed as if these plants, which possessed such value for the poor, harmonized best with her nature."

Another very pleasant house M. Andersen visited was that of the publisher of the English version of the "Improvisatore," where he was treated with the utmost kindness by both the parents and the children. Here he found pleasant glances, listened to music, and felt himself comprehended and happy. It was quite refreshing to go to Mr. Bentley's house from the heated, noisy capital of the world. But his heart ever fondly turned to the quiet evenings at Gadshill. How pleasant it was to ascend the hill from the station, having the brilliantly lighted windows ever in view, and the sound of music as a guide. Miss Mary Dickens and her aunt played passages from Beethoven, Mozart, or Mendelssohn. It was a happy party round the pianoforte when Dickens and his wife and the guests sat gossiping; presently, too, a moonlight walk through the fields, which caused M. Andersen to feel melancholy at the thought that he must ever quit such friends. One evening, when undergoing these feelings, Dickens suddenly seized his hand, and begged him in the most cordial manner to remain with them a few days longer, to witness the dramatic representation he was about giving with his family. There was such heartiness in the invitation that M. Andersen could not but accept it, and his good spirits returned with a confidential chat with Dickens. Every one who enters his presence feels and knows that the expression in his eyes arouses confidence and devotion. Here is an instance:—

"The old farmer, whose cows and sheep grazed round the monument on Gadshill, knew that I was living with Dickens, and told me that he would bring us fresh bread every day. 'They are splendid people,' he said; 'that can be seen at once in both of them, man and wife.' They had both spoken so openly and heartily with him, they had quite won him. 'Yes,' the farmer continued, 'a few years ago the lady who is called the Swedish Nightingale lived close by. She was just as kind and straightforward as Charles Dickens.' I sought the house where Jenny Lind was stated to have lived; the windows were plastered over, the door was bolted, the cage was empty, the nightingale had flown. Many thoughts and old recollections were aroused, and I could never pass the house hereafter without being affected by a peculiar feeling of melancholy."

But the time was approaching for the de-

parture from Gadshill and Dickens; but M. Andersen was still to enjoy the opportunity of admiring in his host the great actor. The queen expressed a desire to witness a private representation of "The Frozen Deep" at the Gallery of Illustration, and our author had the rare distinction of being present. The royal party also comprised the prince of Prussia and the king of Belgium. The party from Gadshill were accidentally prevented from proceeding to London by the last train on the Sunday night, and thus escaped a terrible tragedy. A collision took place, costing a heavy number of lives; and M. Andersen says he shall not easily forget the feeling aroused by passing over the site of the accident in the very first train that ran.

The Gallery of Illustration was decorated with flowers and carpets in honor of the royal visit, and a special buffet for refreshments was put up. We need not dwell on M. Andersen's analysis of the piece, which is familiar to all of us, but we will quote his description of Charles Dickens' acting as confirmatory of the prevailing opinion:—

"Dickens performed the character of *Richard* with affecting truth and great dramatic geniality; he also acted with a quiet and naturalness which differed greatly from the usual way of performing tragedy in England and France. In my fatherland he would have gained admiration and recognition, even had the fact been known that he was the great author; in many respects he resembled the Danish actor Michael Weihe. In the same piece performed with Dickens his two daughters, his eldest son, his two sisters-in-law, and his brother Alfred. The writer of the play undertook the character of *Frank Aldersby*. The performance before her majesty was concluded by a farce, 'Two o'Clock in the Morning.' It was acted with incomparable animation and sparkling humor by Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon, the editor of *Punch*. These two also played the principal parts at the public performance in the farce of 'Uncle John.' Dickens was as admirable in comedy as in tragedy, and is indubitably one of the first dramatic artists of our age."

After the first performance all the actors and assistants assembled at the *Household Words* office to spend a jolly evening: there was abundance of fun and sparkling humor, and the festival was followed a few days later by a picnic party at the house of Albert Smith. The days passed only too rapidly for our author at Dickens' residence. The parting morning arrived, and M. Andersen could delay no longer, as he was invited to Weimar to the unveiling of the statues of Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland. "From the land of Shakspeare, from the home of Dickens, he was proceeding to the country of the Minnesänger and the poetic capital of Wei-

mar." Dickens had his horse put to, and himself drove M. Andersen to Maidstone whence he would proceed by train to Folkestone. They had thus an opportunity of spending two more hours together amid the richest landscapes of Kent: they rattled past rich fields and glorious woods. Dickens was as hearty and lively as ever, but M. Andersen could not overcome the melancholy feeling which preyed upon him as he felt the hour of parting approach. In the station they shook hands for the last time, and our

author gazed in the honest, soul-full eyes of one in whom he admires the poet and loves the man.

In conclusion, we think it is but fair to say that the volume from which we have borrowed these extracts contains some very charming stories told in Hans Christian Andersen's best manner. Although we do not approve of the way in which he has betrayed private confidence, possibly the other contents of the volume will condone for this.

MOTTOES ON SUN-DIALS.—Many hundred persons now living must remember the vertical sun-dial with a very remarkable motto, on the front of a building at the Temple in London. But most of them probably never heard of the curious tradition, probably a true one, respecting the motto. When, a few years ago, the building was taken down and rebuilt, it is likely the Benchers were either ignorant of the tradition, or had forgotten it, else they would probably have restored the sun-dial with its motto. Perhaps they may even yet be induced to do so.

The tradition is this: That when the sun-dial was put up, the artist inquired whether he should (as was customary) paint a motto under it. The Benchers assented; and appointed him to call at the library at a certain day and hour, at which time they would have agreed upon the motto. It appears, however, that they had totally forgotten this; and when the artist or his messenger called at the library at the time appointed, he found no one but a cross-looking old gentleman poring over some musty book. "Please, Sir, I am come for the motto for the sun-dial." "What do you want?" was the pettish answer; "why do you disturb me?" "Please, Sir, the gentleman told me I was to call at this hour for a motto for the sun-dial." "*Begone about your business!*" was the testy reply. The man, either by design or by mistake, chose to take this as the answer to his inquiry, and, accordingly, painted in large letters under the dial—"BE-GONE ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS."

The Benchers, when they saw it, decided that it was very appropriate, and that they would let it stand—chance having done their work for them as well as they could have done it for themselves.

Any thing that reminds us of the lapse of time should remind us also of the right employment of time in doing whatever business is required to be done.

A similar lesson is solemnly conveyed in the Scripture motto to a sun-dial: "The night cometh when no man can work."

Another useful lesson is conveyed in the motto to a sun-dial erected by the late Bishop Copleston in a village near which he resided: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Sometimes the unlearned are puzzled to understand the meaning of mottoes, especially when expressed in the learned languages. A person (who, by the by, was not ignorant of Latin,) was at a loss to understand the meaning of a motto which he had seen on a sun-dial, "*Septem sine horis.*" The signification doubtless is, that there are in the longest day *seven hours* (and a trifle over) during which the sun-dial is useless.

There is a sun-dial at one of the colleges in Oxford with the motto, "*Pereunt et imputantur;*" signifying that we shall be accountable for the moments that are passing away. Once, when a party of strangers were visiting the curiosities of Oxford, a lady of the company asked one of the gentlemen (as gentlemen are always by courtesy supposed by ladies to understand Latin) to interpret the motto for her. He replied that it signified that, "They perish and are not thought of!"—*Notes and Queries.*

APOLLO BELVEDERE STATUETTE.—While paying a visit to the museum of Avignon a short time back, I noticed among the Roman antiquities a well-preserved bronze statuette of the Apollo Belvedere. Unlike that of the Vatican, however, the right fore-arm touches the side and hip. There may be other minor differences, but I, having only my memory to guide me, did not notice them. The small scale of the figure, which is not, I should think, more than six inches high, would cause any slight dissimilarities to be easily overlooked. The highest authorities have agreed in condemning Montorsoli's restoration of the Apollo, without being able, so far as I know, to show how it should have been restored. May not this statuette throw a light on the matter? I forward this Note in the hopes that some of your readers, better judges of such things than I, may have noticed the figure to which I refer; or if not, that they may do so at the next opportunity, as I cannot but think that a good sketch or scientific description of it would be interesting to the artist-world.

—*Notes and Queries.*

S.

From The Press.

SYRIA, PAST AND PRESENT.

SYRIA, like India, is one of those regions of the earth where frequent invasions and the geographical character of the country have produced an extraordinary mingling of races, customs, and religions. Successive waves of conquest have rolled over the land, submerging the plains, but only breaking in casual spray over the mountains. The central isthmus of the Old World, its invaders have come from all points of the compass. The Assyrian and Persian from the east,—the Greek and Roman from the west,—the Arab from the south,—the Mongol and Turk from the north. And now has begun once more the influx of foreign influence and population. During the last twenty years, Beyroot, the maritime capital of the country, has half lost its Orientalism by the peaceful influx of European commerce and trading settlers. And whatever be the immediate diplomatic result of the present dire and horrible dissensions, it may safely be predicted that these calamities, joined to the moribund condition of the Turkish sway, will accelerate in a remarkable manner the development of European influence in Syria; so that ten years hence the fortunes of that fallen and stagnant country will have undergone a complete change,—and one that cannot fail to be for the better.

It is a land whose history presents a most striking series of vicissitudes,—one violent change of dominion and of religion following hard upon another. It is the advent of a wanderer from the uplands of the Tigris and Euphrates that first dispels from the Syrian land the darkness of pre-historic time. We see an Aramæan suddenly, on divine impulse, striking his tent by the Euphrates, near Ur of the Chaldees, and journeying with his family and flocks westward, round the northern edges of the Syrian desert, till he comes upon another region of fertility and a new civilization—if such it may be called,—and beholds the Syrian hills and towns, Damascus and the cities of the Plain. Full five centuries afterwards, the descendants of that patriarch, now become a nation, re-issuing from Egypt, accomplish the first invasion and partial conquest of Syria of which we have record. At that time Syria had not a few walled towns, the vine was cultivated, and still more, if not the art, at least the usages of war. The whole interior of the country was occupied by tribes which warred with one another, but which nevertheless spread population and cultivation over many districts (especially those east of the Jordan and Dead Sea) which are now desert. And on the coast the Phœnician race—skilled in manufactures, trading in ships, and warring in chariots and mail—

had commenced that enterprising career which led them as traders or settlers to Greece, Carthage, Marseilles, and the distant shores of Britain. At the same time Syria began to witness the inroads of the rival armies of Egypt and Assyria; until at length, about seven centuries before our era, the Assyrian monarchs rose to the height of their power, and dominated ruthlessly over the whole of Syria. Conquest made radical changes in those days. The greater portion of the Jewish nation was carried away into servitude, never to return, other settlers being imported in their room,—and the population of Syria underwent its second great change, although the new settlers probably sprang from the same old stem from whence Abraham had branched off. Next came the noble Persians, ruling Syria as a satrapy, but making little change in the customs or religions of the country. Alexander and his Greeks followed, giving rise to the great dynasty of the Seleucidæ, who had their capital at Antioch, and leavened with their influence the whole northern half of Syria. Alexander had dealt a mortal blow to proud Tyre, but a hundred other towns started into existence, or at least into new and higher life, under the Grecian rule; and Grecian art and civilization dominated in the country even during all the subsequent rule of the conquering Romans. For ages before Pompey led the Roman legions into Syria, great highways of commerce, traversing the country, connected Tyre and Sidon and the shores of the Levant with Babylon and the countries of the east. Upon one of these, running through the Syrian desert, arose queenly Palmyra, graceful and beautiful as the palm-trees from which it took its name, and whose extensive ruins, standing now amidst perfect solitude, still enchant the traveller who is sufficiently daring to journey through the sandy wastes and lawless Bedouins to visit them. Baalbek, too, the halfway stage between Damascus and the coast, arose with its magnificent Temple of the Sun, whose superb columns and architraves are deemed to have been the work of genii by the starving tribes who now drive their flocks over the waste but surpassingly prolific plain of the Bekaa.

Judaism, ever an isolated religion, had passed away from the hills of Palestine, and Christianity had not only supplanted it, but had triumphed also over the worship of Bel and Ashtarte and the other forms of paganism which of old existed along the coast and over all the northern half of Syria—Antioch, afterwards the "Eye of the Christian Churches," certainly not excepted. But a new religion and a new power suddenly arose in the barren peninsula to the south; and the Arabs, under the successors of Mahomet,

rushing as fierce conquerors into Syria, began the greatest and most destructive series of changes which that country has undergone. The stern Kaled inaugurated the supremacy of Islamism amidst torrents of blood. Jerusalem became a Mahometan city,—a mosque arose on the site of the temple. By and by the rule of the fanatic Moslem proved so intolerable that the tales of suffering brought home by pilgrims aroused all Europe to rescue the Holy Land from the grasp of the Saracen. Peter the Hermit, Godfrey, Tancred, Richard the Lion-Heart headed the fiery onsets, and for a time the chivalry of the west proved more than a match for the walled cities and swarming hosts opposed to them. For several generations the sea-coast and the mountains were held by the Crusaders; the Counts of Tripoli and Thoulouse ruled their districts with settled sway, and not a few ruined castles in the mountains date their origin from that period. But under the peerless Saladin—a prince as chivalrous, accomplished, wise, and humane as any that fought on the side of the Cross—the Arabians renewed the contest with dashing valor; and long before the royal shroud raised aloft on his lance proclaimed at Damascus that the proud Saladin was no more, Syria had re-fallen under the dominion of the Crescent. The religion of Christ finally gave way before that of Mahomet. Only in parts of the Lebanon range, which offered a refuge from the intolerant Moslem, did any Christian population exist; and there and then arose the sect of the Maronites who have preserved their religion (such as it is) to the present day. Once more, and in still more dreadful form, the waves of war and conquest rolled over the country: Mongol and Turk in repeated invasions desolated the land, destroying cities, massacring inhabitants, and sweeping away first the rule of the Saracen Caliphs and latterly the dominion of the Egyptian Mamlooks. For upwards of three centuries the Turks have ruled in Syria,—and they will not rule much longer.

The present aspect of Syria only too fitly accords with its past history. It is a land in ruins. The population is not a tenth of what it once was, and cultivation has proportionately decreased. Many towns have wholly disappeared,—mounds of ruins still attest the site of others. The slopes of Lebanon and the barren hill-sides of Judea show marks of the ancient terraces, and vast regions of now desert plain on the eastern side of the mountains were of old the seat of populous towns. The present population of Syria, from Antioch and Aleppo to the deserts of Arabia, does not exceed two and a half millions,—whereas Judea alone, in the time of Titus, contained four millions! At what-

ever point the traveller enters the country, he steps upon ruins. Even at thriving Beyroot he is reminded that there of old was the greatest school of law in the Roman empire; and the ruins disinterred in every part of the environs show that the city is but a shadow of what it was. Of Seleucia, once containing 600,000 inhabitants, nothing remains but half a dozen houses and the crumbling piers and jetties of its noble harbor. Tyre has left only its site,—Sidon is a village,—Acre is a miserable substitute for Ptolemais,—only 27,000 remain of the 600,000 inhabitants of Antioch,—of the ten cities which gave their name to the district of Decapolis not one remains,—and that Jerusalem is miserably fallen no one who has trod its streets will deny. Everywhere it is the same tale of decay. Approach the land from the side of Egypt, and ruins are found extending for miles into the Desert; proceed thence through the Hauran, the vast plains lying east of the Dead Sea and south of Damascus, and in the solitude we come upon the remains of goodly cities, and find enduring traces of ancient cultivation. Journey northward past Damascus, down the valley of the Orontes, and ruins still present themselves everywhere; or take the route from Hamah to Aleppo, and all along the road you discover the remains of ancient villages, numerous aqueducts, cisterns fallen in, ruined fortresses, vanishing temples.

Such is modern Syria—a mere crumbling skeleton of the exuberant life which reigned there of old. It were unjust to charge upon the government of the Turks the existing desolation. It was in the ruthless wars which preceded and attended the first establishment of Seljookian and Turkish power that the dismal ruin was effected. The fault of the recent administration of the Ottomans in Syria has been of a negative rather than a positive kind. It has given no help to the recuperative energies of the population. It has lent no hand to lift Syria out of the fallen state in which that fine country has lain for centuries. But Syria has still a future, and it will not be an ignoble one. As surely as the world moves and civilization spreads, the energies and wealth of Europe will be drawn into the country. The Syrian peninsula, which was the highway of commerce between the east and the west, will be so again. The railway will yet run in the track of the caravan. The commerce with India and the Australian world will yet stream in part across Syria from the Persian Gulf to the Levant. Aleppo, Antioch, Suediah, Beyroot will start into new life; and ere the present generation has passed away, Syria will again be rebuilding her ruined walls, and restoring her waste places to cultivation and her people to prosperity.

From The Athenæum.

Travels in Canada and the States of New York and Pennsylvania—[*Reisen in Canada, etc.*]. By J. G. Kohl. Cotta, Stuttgart.

ON no colonial possession of the empire can the eye rest more rejoicingly than on Canada, to which the state visit of the Prince of Wales attracts so much attention. Towards Canada England has been truly a mother-country—not seeking to use it for her own advantage, but governing it almost always with a view to its own welfare. If we set aside some acts of severity—or, we may even admit, of injustice—in the earliest period of her possession, when the encouragement afforded by the French to the American revolt had naturally awakened a feeling of suspicion towards our new French subjects, the affairs of Canada have been administered almost invariably on just, humane, and conciliatory principles. After the insurrectionary movements of 1837 and 1838, the government, to its great honor, though completely victorious in the struggle, far from riveting the chains on the vanquished (if such a phrase be not too violent a figure of speech for the negative grievances of the *habitans*), suffered the occurrence to open its eyes to abuses of which it had not before been aware, and of which it immediately commenced the needful reform.

"*Quoique nous étions battus*," said an old Canadian to our traveller, "*ça nous a fait du bien*." The French colonists were by degrees placed on the same footing as those of British descent; they obtained the same political rights, and care was taken that in public appointments no regard should be paid to nationality. Many of the highest offices in the country are now filled by French Canadians, the public revenue is entirely at the disposal of the Canadian Parliament, and to the whole population, French and British, an ever-increasing liberty of local self-government is permitted.

The result of this wise and liberal course is shown in the perfect reconciliation of the two races, and the assurance that instead of finding in the former a secret enemy, ready to conspire with foreigners on the first opportunity, our sovereign has in the French Canadians the most important counterpoise to foreign influence. There does, indeed, it is said, exist among the more juvenile members of the community a small party which goes by the name of the *Rouges*, and they may possibly look with some longing towards the more dashing and obstreperous independence of their republican neighbors; but the majority of the French *habitans* are

decidedly conservative, and have a salutary fear that the go-ahead Yankees would be likely, if they got the country into their hands, to "improve the French off the face of the earth."

But besides the pleasant emotion of self-approval with which the mother-country may regard her American possessions, she cannot but rejoice, for the sake of humanity, that so wide a portion of the American continent should be secure from the bitter and blighting curse of slavery, and exist as a harbor of refuge to the unfortunate negro when afflicted beyond endurance—a harbor not to be reached, however, without such serious risks as make it unlikely to be sought in any but extreme cases. Even for the sake of the slave-owners themselves, as it appeared to the sagacious traveller before us, it is desirable such a safety-valve should remain open.

Mr. Kohl has now traversed—not without profit to himself and his readers—a considerable portion of the earth's surface. He may almost say with Ulysses—

"I am become a name
Forever roaming with a hungry heart;"

—and his writings are nearly as well known in England and America as in his own country. In many respects we regard him as a model traveller. He possesses the observant and reflective faculties in due proportions,—is thoughtful enough to know what use to make of the facts that present themselves, yet never so possessed by theory as to have his observations confused;—not at all given (according to the well-worn joke) to evolving a camel out of the depths of his consciousness, yet able to infer a good deal concerning the structure of the beast from the study of small portions of its anatomy.

Mr. Kohl's tour in America was a very extensive one, and some of its records have been already noticed in this journal. The present volume relates chiefly to his Canadian journey by Albany, Burlington, and Lake Champlain to Montreal, Quebec, the settlements on the Ottawa, the "Lake of the Thousand Islands," Lake Ontario, Toronto, Lake Simcoe, and back by Niagara to New York. He had proposed commencing it by a steamboat passage up the Hudson, but as it was the month of October he found that only night-boats were running; the pleasure travellers had almost ceased, and the men of business, who still came in crowds, preferred passing those lovely and picturesque shores in the dark, by way of saving time. He decided, therefore, to make the trip by rail; and as the line runs close to the river-side he did not lose much by

the change of plan. His quick eye caught immediately on starting an indication of American acuteness.

The newsmen or newsboys, instead of worrying the passenger with their wares when he is intent only on his place and his ticket, and other cares that crowd on him at starting and leave him little leisure to think of newspapers, take a passage on the train with the rest, being pretty sure that it will pay to do so. After a while *ennui* always creates an appetite for the intellectual provender they have to dispose of:—

"The little newsboys had their stock of political, commercial, serious, and humoristic literature carefully stored up in some corner, and as soon as everybody was comfortably seated, and the train in motion, undertook from time to time an excursion through the flying community, and whenever they saw anybody yawn immediately presented their enticing wares, and apparently did a good stroke of business. They very often bring with them, also, a selection of the newest books, and afford thus no trifling assistance in the diffusion of the most recent literary productions. The American books are all calculated for quick and convenient use on railroads, and in other situations where the reader is likely to be helpless. They are all neatly bound and ready cut; not like our German books, which we buy in the most inconvenient form possible, namely, in loose sheets, and then have to wait a fortnight for the binder. Once there came hurrying past our carriage a little fellow, with flying hair, and a quantity of printed quarto sheets hanging over his arm, who threw them, right and left, into the lap of every passenger. I read the paper, and found it contained a collection of notices and praises of the book of a certain well-known traveller in Africa, taken from many newspapers and periodicals. I had scarcely got through the many variations on the one theme, namely, that there could be no more interesting employment in the whole world than to read this gentleman's book all through, when the little literary Ganymede aforesaid made his appearance at the opposite door to the one where he had formerly presented himself, but moving with rather less freedom and celerity than before, for he was carrying a whole pile of volumes, radiant in new gilding, and presenting them as he had before done his criticisms, right and left. 'What is that?' I asked. 'The "African Travels," sir, that you have just read the praises of—costs only half a dollar the copy.'"

At the colossal hotel at Albany it struck the traveller, as it does us, as rather surprising that the vast tables were served by troops of white republican damsels, all under the command of a gentleman of the unfashionable complexion. This sable superintendant "received every guest at the door with decorum, and even dignity of manner—just the medium between too great devotion and too great self-assertion, which a

gentleman is accustomed to observe." He also kept a vigilant eye on the movements of his troops of attendant maidens, who were distributing tea, coffee, tongue, ham, mutton-chops, etc., with the celerity of practised players dealing cards. A similar phenomenon of an army of fair waiters, under a negro officer, was seen at Burlington, and here the Yankee master of the hotel professed the utmost esteem for his black assistant, as well as for another of the same race in his service, declaring him to be "a real Uncle Tom."

Mr. Kohl first touched Canadian soil at the northern end of Lake Champlain; and even to him, rushing through the country on the wings of steam, the change of nationality was immediately perceptible in a certain quiet, old-world aspect of things, as remote as possible from that of the brilliantly wide-awake citizens of the great republic. But he had little time for philosophizing, before he came in sight of the "Silver Town," as Montreal is called, from the plates of bright tin with which the roofs of houses and churches are covered, and which in the dry climate of Canada retain their brightness a long time.

"When I saw Montreal on a dull day, I thought this epithet a little exaggerated, but, afterwards, when I saw these tin-covered houses and churches glittering in the last rays of the setting sun, and seeming sometimes to glow with internal fire, I became of quite a different opinion."

Many of the social arrangements of Canada are, of course, copied from those of America, and the hotels retain the same republican character,—according to which society is all, and the individual nothing. The guests, *en masse*, are magnificently served; and if you let yourself be drummed into the banquetting room with the multitude to the sound of the gong, you are fed and waited upon by a whole army of attendants, with the most energetic attention. But if, as an individual, you wish for so much as a cup of broth, you may wish for it a long time. While, as one of the crowd of guests, suites of apartments fitted up with princely splendor are at your disposal, when you withdraw your own personality into a little cell with four white walls, you may ring, and call, and sigh in vain for the assistance of one of the throng of servants of the great public.

While passing along the forty-fifth parallel of latitude, which forms the boundary line between Lower Canada on one side, and New York, Vermont, and New Hampshire on the other, Mr. Kohl gleaned a good deal of information illustrative of the early history of colonization in these districts. Here

is "The History of a Piece of Land." Shortly after the period of the American Revolution, a Mr. Macomb undertook, with a few companions, a hunting and canal voyage on the St. Lawrence, and made himself acquainted with the previously almost unknown districts now constituting the northern part of the State of New York. They stood in very ill repute at the time, having formed part of the country of the Iroquois, and never been entirely subjected either by French or English, but having remained as a kind of desolate battle-field between them.

At the time of this canal voyage there lived upon it only a few scattered Indians, the poor remains of the once numerous and valiant tribes; and on the maps of the time it figures as a completely white spot, adorned by a sort of fancy painting of the sources of the Hudson, of which no one knew any thing. Mr. Macomb, however, discovered (about the year 1796) that it contained magnificent forests, a fertile soil, and many fine sites for future villages and towns. He associated himself, therefore, with a partner, who got together a capital of about 200,000 dollars, and proceeded to the execution of his project. The financial condition of the state of New York, as, indeed, of all the other states of the Union at the time, was deplorable, and the offer of Mr. Macomb to purchase three millions of acres of its waste land was gladly accepted. An agreement was drawn up, by which he became the purchaser of a tract of nearly five thousand square miles, between Lake Ontario and Montreal, at the not very exorbitant rate of about 44*d.* per acre. The original document was shown to Mr. Kohl,—it was on parchment, with a great waxen seal of the arms of New York (of that period), on one side a sun rising among mountains, and on the other a rock, against which the waves were dashing, with the motto "*Frustra.*"

The associates now commenced a land speculation on a grand scale. They wrote and diffused as widely as they could a description of their new acquisition; they travelled to Europe to find colonists and purchasers, and they formed companies in England, France, and Holland, of which one took from them half a million of acres, and another a hundred thousand, while smaller parcels were sold to private individuals. The descendants of one of the partners, whose family is one of the first in New York, is still in possession of no less than two hundred thousand acres. He explained to Mr. Kohl the principles on which he proceeded in the administration of his estate.

"I sell my land usually under very easy and inviting conditions. I desire only to find vigor-

ous, industrious men, of good character. I don't care whether they have capital or not, and according to these instructions my agents have to act. I leave my settlers time to look about them a bit, to make themselves a home in the wilderness, and to put by a little towards the payment of the purchase-money. How and when the payment is to be made, I leave entirely to them. I require no interest for arrears, for I consider the labor they expend on the land is so much rent that they pay me; and as long as the purchase money is not paid, it remains, of course, my property, which they are thus constantly improving. They are overlooked by my agents, and if they do not seem very ready with their work, we require them to clear a bit of forest, or make a few little bridges, or put up a barn. Sometimes the settler will move off after having lived on the land for ten years, without having paid me a penny; but he has left me meadows for marshes, corn-fields for forests, and houses and farm-buildings, where before there were only thick woods, so that I find my account in the transaction, and can sell the land for a much higher price the next time."

Mr. Kohl bears on many occasions pleasing witness to the virtues of the old French Canadians. They are, he says truly, generally regarded in the world as a horribly superstitious, stupid, and idle people, mere hinderances to the march of progress,—mere dark spots on the bright intelligence of the community by which they are surrounded. The traveller is, therefore, agreeably surprised when he enters one of those "seats of darkness," a French Canadian village:—

"It was Sunday when we entered the Côte de Neige (a little French village, not far from Montreal), and as the Canadians in their observation of the day adopt the view that God has appointed it both for prayer and recreation, it is chosen as the special day for visiting friends and relations. The roads were covered with pretty little one-horse chaises, going to and returning from the different villages; and in the cottages and before the doors we saw everywhere groups of the villagers engaged in friendly gossip. We ventured to enter one of the cottages, one of the humblest in appearance, and were immediately understood and welcomed. An ancient dame, the mother or grandmother of the house, observed, as she placed a chair near the fire for the stranger, "Eh bien, je comprend Monsieur est voyageur, et il veut voir comme on vit en *Conodo*," for this, not Canada, is the appellation of their country among them. Many other words have undergone a similar transformation; and *voir*, *savoir*, and *croire*, have become *voâr*, *savoâr*, and *croâre*. The present Canadian peasantry are, as is well known, the descendants of soldiers, fur-traders, and all kinds of adventurers; and that such simple, modest, upright people should be the issue of such a parentage, is a strong proof that human nature has, under some circumstances just as strong a tendency to purify and improve itself, as, under others, to become demoralized and degenerate. There was a numer-

ous family of various ages assembled in the cottage; and they and their habitation were brilliant with cleanliness and snow white linen. It was indeed Sunday, but the week day dresses that I afterwards saw did not disgrace the holiday attire. I could not help expressing my admiration at the order and neatness of every thing around me to the mother of the family. "Vous êtes bien bon, monsieur," she replied; "mais l'ordre et la propreté, ce sont des qualités bien naturelles. Une famille malpropre! Ah, Dieu préserve! Une famille malpropre serait bien remarquée dans notre village, et je croia c'est le cas dans tout le Conodo."

Perhaps we may see in this and similar accounts cause for revising those rather hasty generalizations concerning the necessary connection between Catholicism and dirt, which have formed the subject of many a good Protestant homily from travellers in Switzerland and elsewhere. Wishing to see whether his favorable opinion of the French Canadians was shared by their neighbors, Mr. Kohl consulted one of them, an inhabitant of a village on the Ottawa, which contains not less than six different churches, religions, and nations, and received a very satisfactory reply:—

"Oh, these Canadians! Sir, I assure you, they are a fine, honest, and mannerly set of people. It is true there are some among them that are like others; but on the whole the Canadians are most honest and *gentel*. There are no liars, thieves, drunkards, and blackguards among them. When I first came into the country no Canadian would care to shut his door, and none would ever think about an oath or a paper if you bought a piece of land of them. Since the revolution of 1837, the custom of shutting doors has become more general. But still, their houses are always open for the poor and the stranger. If you ever, sir, have lost your way, or feel tired, go to a Canadian house if you can find one. They will make you as comfortable as they possibly can. That is what the Canadians is, sir!"

Here is another little sketch of this Idyllic life:—

"I never go through a Canadian village without looking through the open window into the neat dwellings, at the groups of inhabitants at work, or chatting about the fire. When we got to Beauport (a village not far from the Falls of Montmorenci), some particularly interesting affair seemed to be going on, and when we saw a long procession of gaily dressed men and women entering a house, we stopped the carriage before the wide-open doors and looked in. One of the men standing about seemed to object to this, and asked, "What do you want there, gentlemen? What business have you there?" As we were convinced that no Canadian *habitant* ever speaks rudely, unless he thinks he has good cause, I replied, "Monsieur, nous sommes des étrangers; c'est aujourd'hui la première fois que

nous sommes venus dans ce pays. Vous célébrez des noces, n'est-ce pas, Monsieur?"—"Ah! ça, c'est très bien, Messieurs; descendez, descendez toujours, et entrez. Soyez les bienvenus. Oui, sans doute ce sont des noces!" We alighted and looked into the house, and at the company. I think I have never seen such well-dressed, well-behaved, handsome and cheerful-looking guests at a peasant's wedding before. There were good-tempered and hale old men and women, fine young fellows, and crowds of pretty girls; and, in the midst, the begarlanded and happy, but dumb and embarrassed, bridal pair. Here were the "good old times," that we sometimes hear of in romance, not in pen and ink, or oil and canvas, but in flesh and blood and reality before us. October is, it appears, the season for weddings, when everybody, who is not married before, marries, in order to be settled "warm and comfortable for the winter." This nuptial pair was one of four that were, according to custom, going about from house to house, and from one relation to another, to pay their wedding visits."

The settlements of the French Canadians can generally be distinguished, we are told, at a considerable distance from those of the Americans, by the houses lying close to each other, instead of being scattered far and wide. The *habitant* has no ambitious longings for thousands of acres, but likes to nestle among his friends and neighbors, to have his church within sight, and his children, if possible, settled round him. The Yankee, more self-reliant and self-sufficient, cares not for neighbors, would rather be without them, indeed; he looks into the future,—“sees the vision of the world, and all the wonders that shall be,” and can dispense with present comfort. With respect to his children, he accepts, as a law of Nature, the separation from them at the earliest possible period. The traveller ventured to put some questions to an old French farmer, concerning his domestic management, and was told that his daughter had been for some years working at her *trousseau*,—that his two sons were employed on board a steamboat, but brought their father all that they earned.

"Et je leur ramasse tout ça dans un coffre bien solide. This capital is growing every year, and very soon my eldest son will be able to buy land and marry. I have my eye on a little farm for him—the bit of land up there—close to my house. Then my son will get himself a wife, and come and live near me. By and by my second son will do the same; and if I cannot find land to suit him, I will divide my own with him."—"Your children do not seem to be like the Americans, who leave their parents directly, and go and settle somewhere on their own account?"—"Ah, Dieu préserve, Monsieur! Je déteste ce système là! Non, non, Monsieur; j'aime avoir mes enfans autour de moi, tout près de moi, comme une poule ses petits."

In all this the good *habitant* was, according to Mr. Kohl, to be regarded as a representative man. No one in the village (which was in a new settlement on the Ottawa) had more than forty acres of land, and five-and-thirty were thought a good farm. But the land was all nicely cleaned, and "not a stone to be found in the fields."

The chief want of Canada—that of sufficient means of communication—is now about to be supplied; and whatever hopes of prosperity may hitherto have been entertained for it may now probably be multiplied tenfold. To the many blessings it has to offer to those who are looking for a new home, there appears to exist only one drawback; and that is one that falls lightly on a well-fed and well-housed population. England may look with pride on so fair an offspring; and her fine American daughter may echo the invitation to Jaques:—"Come hither, come hither, come hither! Here shall you see no enemy but winter and rough weather."

From The Press.

SALMON FISHING IN CANADA.*

THE Canadian Resident, as we learn from a chapter headed, "Introductory and Egotistical," is an Irish clergyman, an enthusiastic votary of the "gentle craft," who, after "whipping" the best trout and salmon rivers in the mother-country, has for the last seventeen years pursued his double vocation of preacher and piscator in the country and rivers adjacent to Quebec. The most useful portion of this not unreadable volume—on the principle of extremes meeting—lies in the earlier chapters and in the appendices. The latter, though somewhat dry for general readers, contain much curious information on the subject of salmon fishing in our North American possessions, furnished by the Rev. W. A. Adamson, D.C.L.—apparently the Resident himself—Dr. Henry, inspector-general of hospitals, and Sir James Alexander. After all, very little seems to be really known as to the sport-giving capabilities of the Canadian rivers. Out of thirty-five magnificent streams which flow into the Gulf of St. Lawrence from its northern shore, not above ten, it is said, "have ever had a fly thrown upon their unexplored waters." The

average weight of the fish in those rivers with which our author is most intimately acquainted runs from twelve to twenty pounds, probably the best size for real sport. The construction of mill-dams on many of these streams has of late years diminished the supply of salmon, which can no longer find their way up for the purpose of spawning. Certain regulations, however, are now being enforced with a view to mitigate this evil, and to remove all obstructions to the abundant increase in that noble fish. Another thing that frequently drives the salmon out of a river for a whole season is the Indian practice of spearing them, for they have a marked horror of the taste and smell of blood. "There are few things," says the Resident, "about which fishermen ought to be more careful than allowing their servants to clean the fish they have killed in the stream, or to throw their offal into it, for it is a fact well known that the slightest tinge of blood, or the smallest portion of intestines, will alarm a whole shoal of salmon, and send them running back in terror to the sea. The servants of the Hudson's Bay Company," he continues, "are well aware of this, and at all their fishing stations you will find that the place at which they clean the fish is at some distance from the river, and that they invariably dig a hole in which they deposit scrupulously all the offal."

Although prepared for the editor's introductory remarks to expect "facetious matter" mixed up with the didactic and narrative portion of the work, we certainly did not look for "A Sermon" on the text "I go a fishing." It is nevertheless a fact that a clergyman of the Church of England has thought proper to mingle the sacred with the profane, and to place in the midst of second-rate jokes a piscatorial sermon which he delivered one Sunday on the Saguinay to a small congregation collected on board his yacht. Nor, we regret to add, is this the only instance of levity and want of due reverence which might be pointed out. As for the promised "facetious matter," there is little to raise a smile with the exception of the initial letters and the colophon to each chapter, which are really funny. On the whole, we fail to discover much literary merit in this joint production of the travelled knight and the salmonical parson, though their labors may very likely be of good service to enthusiastic anglers eager to traverse seas and continents in order to catch a fish.

* *Salmon Fishing in Canada*. By a Resident. Edited by Colonel Sir J. E. Alexander, Knt. London: Longmans.

AT NIGHT.

"DYING? You do but jest!
 You smile in the dark, I know!
 Surely I should know best
 How the quick pulses go.
 Lay your hand on my cheek:
Feel, though you *see* not, the red.
 Why, in another week,
 I shall have left my bed!

"It was being so long alone—
 So sick of the world's vain strife,
 Uncared for, and unknown,
 That sapped the springs of life!
 You have given a world of love;
 Nay, soften that anxious brow;
 Is not our God above?
 He *will* not summon me *now*.

"The summer is coming fast;
 I can scent the rich perfume
 Of the lilac by the door,
 And the delicate apple-bloom.
 Where shall our year be spent?
 I long for the hills of Spain—
 We will go to Rome, for Lent,
 Then back to our home again.

"O, what is this sudden pang?
 Is it growing darker, Will?
 Heavily goes my heart,—
 It is almost standing still!
 Raise me—I cannot breathe—
 Pray for me, love," she said.
 "Father, into *Thy* hands!"
 And my young wife was dead.
 —Once a Week.

THE UNFINISHED POEM.

TAKE it, reader—idly passing
 This, like hundred other lines;
 Take it, critic, great at classing
 Subtle genius' well-known sign.
 But, O reader! be thou dumb;
 Critic, let no keen wit come;
 For the hand that wrote or blurred
 Will not write another word,
 And the soul you scorn or prize
 Now than angels is more wise.

Take it, heart of man or woman,
 This unfinished, broken strain,
 Whether it be poor and common,
 Or the noblest work of brain;
 Let that reverent heart sole sit
 Here in judgment over it,
 Tenderly, as you could read
 (Any one of any creed,
 Any churchyard walking by)
 "Sacred to the memory."

Wholly sacred: even as lingers
 Final word, or light glance cast,
 Or last clasp of life-warm fingers
 That we knew not was the last;
 Wholly sacred—as we lay,
 The day after funeral day,
 Their dear relics, great or small,
 Who need nothing, yet have all—
 All the best of us, that lies
 Hid with them in Paradise;

All our highest aspirations,
 And our closest love of loves:
 Our most silent resignations,
 Our best work that man approves;
 Yet which jealously we keep
 In our mute soul's deepest deep.
 So of this imperfect song
 Let no echoes here prolong;
 For the singer's voice is known
 In the heaven of heavens alone.
 —*All the Year Round*.

THE RIVER PATH.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[The following new and beautiful poem, from our ever-welcome contributor, will be recognized by those who have ever been near his cottage, as a Picture of a Sunset on the Banks of the Merimac.]—*Ed. Independent*.

No bird-song floated down the hill,
 The tangled bank below was still;
 No rustle from the birchen stem,
 No ripple from the water's hem.
 The dusk of twilight round us grew,
 We felt the falling of the dew;
 For, from us, ere the day was done,
 The wooded hills shut out the sun.
 But on the river's furthest side
 We saw the hill-tops glorified,—
 A tender glow, exceeding fair,
 A dream of day without its glare.
 With us the damp, the chill, the gloom:
 With them the sunset's rosy bloom;
 While dark, through willowy vistas seen,
 The river rolled in shade between.
 From out the darkness where we trod
 We gazed upon those hills of God,
 Whose light seemed not of moon or sun.
 We spake not, but our thought was one.
 We paused, as if from that bright shore
 Beckoned our dear ones gone before;
 And stilled our beating hearts to hear
 The voices lost to mortal ear;
 Sudden our pathway turned from night;
 The hills swung open to the light:
 Through their green gates the sunshine showed,
 A long, slant splendor downward flowed.
 Down glade and glen and bank it rolled;
 It bridged the shaded stream with gold;
 And, borne on piers of mist, allied
 The shadowy with the sunlit side!
 "So," prayed we, "when our feet draw near
 The river, dark with mortal fear,
 And the night cometh chill with dew,
 O, Father!—let thy light break through!
 So let the hills of doubt divide,
 So bridge with faith the sunless tide!
 So let the eyes that fail on earth
 On thy eternal hills look forth;
 And in thy beckoning angels know
 The dear ones whom we loved below!"
 —*Independent*.

FLORA.

"THEY'VE gone to meet me." Well, we must have crossed

Each other on the road, so I have lost
Instead of gaining time, and quite in vain
I roused myself to catch the earlier train.
I must have patience; he will soon be here—
My dear old father—more than ever dear
After these weary years; and she—but no,
Such thoughts will make the flight of time more slow.

This dear old garden! I am glad to be
Once more within it. I remember she
Was queen of this fair realm, with watchful care
Tending each flower; herself by far more fair
Than all her subject lilies; sweeter too
Than any rosebud wet with evening dew.

I see I cannot drive these thoughts away,
But now I feel less vexed by the delay.
This charming, tranquil scene has soothing
power—

The rich perfume of many a fragrant flower,
Wafted upon the sweet, fresh English air,
The linnet singing its leafy lair,
The babbling moat, the busy hum of bees
Hovering around those limes (the dear old trees!)
This lovely spot so full of calm and peace,
Have stilled my longings, bid my fever cease.

* * * * *

It must have been a dream. I thought I lay
In the Hall garden, far—so far away;
But now I am awake, and up I spring,
Roused by a sergeant, who has come to bring
Tidings which stir my blood. "To horse! to
horse!"

I shout; the bugle sounds, our scanty force
Is quickly in the saddle. Off we ride,
As hunters dash from English covert side.
But ours is fiercer game. Ah! there they go
Our swarthy-visaged, snowy-turbaned foe!
Hark! 'tis a cry for help! 'Tis she! 'tis she!
The fair young bride of my best friend; and he
Lies dead,—but we'll avenge his death or die.
"Revenge and rescue! Charge!" I hoarsely
cry,

And, glancing back, I see each trooper's brow
Dark with a frown. There is no flinching now;
Though ten to one outnumbered by the foe,
'Tis a wild race to strike the earliest blow.
Ah! we have reached them! Through their
ranks we dash
With speed unchecked; pistols and carbines
flash,

And keen-edged sabres, bright no longer, wave,
As on we press their prisoner to save.
Too late! too late! A random, fatal blow
Has reached her breast—alas! 'tis better so.

Though we are few, the rebels take to flight,
And we pursue, feeling a grim delight

At dealing death among the craven rout;
But, wild with rage and shame, one turns about,
And o'er his head his sabre keen appears,
Upon my arm it falls—a gleam of light,
O God! great God! through flesh and bone it
shears,

I reel, I drop, and all is dark as night.

* * * * *

Once more I gain my senses. Where am I?
Upon a noble vessel's deck I lie,
Feeble and maimed I seek old England's shore,
For I can take my sword in hand no more.
Down at my empty sleeve I cast my eye,
And then with little real success I try
To find some consolation for the loss
In thinking of that priceless, simple cross—
"Reward of Valor." She is sure to prize
The toy; but what a sight to meet her eyes.

Is my brain fevered still? Methinks the scene
Suddenly changes; for the tender green
Of all around, the cooler sky above,
And gentle breeze, soft as the voice of love,
Tell of another clime—of England—home,
More dear to me since I began to roam.
A garden, quaint and old, around extends,
Filled with sweet flowers, my old, familiar
friends,

Not gorgeous, as their Eastern compeers are,
But to my home-sick spirit dearer far.

I still am gazing, when a joyful cry
Falls on my ear and makes the vision fly.
I start, I wake, but to a scene as fair,
The very same indeed—oh joy! for there
My cousin Flora stands with all her charms.
"Flora! Dear Flora!" breathlessly I call;
"My love! my life!"—Ah! she is in my
arms

My arm, I mean, but this repays for all.
—National Magazine. ANON.

WHERE THE GREENWOODS GROW.

Oh, let me roam where the greenwoods grow,
Where the primrose springs and the blue-bells
blossom,
Where the shades of eve through the forest
creep,

And the pearly dew on the flow'rets sleep.
I love to roam when the golden gleam
Of evening plays with the crystal stream;
And muse while the zephyrs sadly sigh,
As the darkling hour of night draws nigh.

Oh, let me roam where the greenwood grows,
While the stars come forth as the sunshine goes,
For a joy upsprings in every flower,
To cheer the gloom of the gloaming hour.
And for lonely ones, at the close of day,
A joy is heard in the dulcet lay
Of the wild-birds' song, so soft and low,
In the shaded dells where the greenwoods grow.
—National Magazine.